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GRACE GREENWOOD'S KISS.

IT TAKES A GENIUS LIKE GEORGE SAND TO BE A SMOKER.

The Effect of Tobacco Smoke Upon Sensitive Nerves—Do You Perceive It?

Several years ago, when Mrs. Lippincott was on this coast, she visited a little inland town, near which I was living on a ranch, doing the Maud Muller act (probably). She had known a member of my family in Washington, in her younger days, as a poet and literary man, for whom she cherished a fond recollection, which perhaps inspired the desire to see what sort of an offshoot I was. I received from her a kind note, naming the day and hour, when she hoped to see me.

Living in the town was a bright, chirpy little woman, for whom I had conceived quite a liking, and at whose house I was in the habit of making my stops, removing my duster and arranging my "brown locks" before presenting myself to the good people of the town.

Upon this occasion we were having a more than usual spirited time over the merits of a new book, and both determined to have the last word. Her son, an embryo hoodlum, made his appearance in our midst, with a cigar sticking out of his pocket. Dropping the subject that to me was of the most interest, with a true virtuous instinct she began:

"Charlie, what are you going to do with that cigar?"

He answered, "Nuthin'," with his hands up to his elbows in his pockets.

"Say, Charlie, throw it away, dear."

"Don't want to!"

"But you must, Charlie."

"I say I won't; it looks nice."

"Charlie, mind me now!"

Tired of this interruption, I walked over to the youngster and plucking the cigar out of his pocket struck a match and began to smoke, only intending to take a few whiffs in order to establish my possession, and then destroy the article.

Resuming the subject of discussion, I was soon entirely lost in the heated debate which followed with my friend.

All at once I became aware that the room was dim with smoke, and only an inch of the cigar remained in my fingers. Simultaneously we two started for the door.

I fell flat, paralyzed—yea, dying, I thought. A ghastly pallor overspread my face and cold drops stood out from every pore. The floor was whirling around so fast that I clasped my hands to save my head from colliding with the door. Then the table was coming. Ah! a Dakota cyclone was never more dreadful, and the true depth of suffering I felt at this little seance must be experienced to be fully appreciated.

But as nothing on this earth will last, so the end came. And when I stood upon the floor one hour later, to view the perfect wreck of my scattered self, I saw far out in one corner my collar and watch; my pin, switch and hairpins, and a tangled lot they were. Solemn thoughts swelled my breast, and with a mental resolve to be god-like the balance of my life, I was about to leave the house with a satisfied feeling that, after all, I did not look any worse for my little spree, when suddenly my nervous little friend cried out:

"Oh, my! Mrs. Lippincott will smell the smoke."

"What on earth are you talking about?" I asked.

"Have not my clothes been aired and bucketfuls of water been poured over my head?"

She said something about sensitive nerves, and followed it up with a parting shot—"It takes a genius like George Sand to be a smoker."

I settled my turban on my head, buttoned up my jacket and sticking my thumbs in the pocket ran down the leaf-strewn walk. The little footpath was edged with brown grass, and there was a richness of autumn landscape that I loved, but I walked hurriedly on, nor dared look from the little bridge swung across the creek which carried the "past waters of the mill," lest I should be again tempted from a straight course to the house, where I knew Mrs. Lippincott was awaiting a tardy visitor.

The servant answered my inquiries, and said Mrs. Lippincott would see me in her room, not feeling well enough to come down.

I found Grace Greenwood cosily arranged among the pillows. She extended her white hand with a bright look of welcome in her eyes. I stooped down to kiss her, when, all at once, the lingering of odors around a broken vase occurred to me. The kiss was a whack, and we flew apart like two suspended balls that violently collide. The muscles of her lips were suddenly drawn tight, and I retreated with the feeling that I had kissed a pair of steel tongs.

I had entirely forgotten that miserable cigar until that moment, and like a guilty thing I sought the most remote chair, which was far back in the bow window.

But all the talk was crushed out of me. She evidently shared my sincere embarrassment. Smoothing over the soft silk quilt, she would now and then gather it up in her hands and fold and crease it, and then smooth it out again, her thoughts evidently distracted. I grew cold and hot by turns. I was sure she had discovered the smoke, and that her sensitive organization had received a shock; perhaps she was even becoming sick, sick as I had been.

I could have clutched my face in my hands and have cried out in my shame. Finally, as if she could endure it no longer, Mrs. Lippincott touched a bell at the head of the bed. When the servant came she asked her to open the window, from which she insisted I should move, lest the draught should give me cold (or waft the odor to her, I mentally added).

What should I do? Jump out of the window and run? I felt like it. The feeling of embarrassment had evidently run so high between us that the tension had to be loosened, and presently she turned to me again and extended her hand, with the honest confession that *she had been smoking*, and when she sent for me to come to her room she had forgotten it until I kissed her. She added, "Do you perceive it? and will it make you sick?"

I could have fairly screamed with laughter under the sense of relief, but I had not the honesty of Grace Greenwood to confess. Then I remembered the words of my friend, "It takes a genius like George Sand to smoke." To this day the dear old lady does not know but that my embarrassment was the result of her indiscretion.

NAMOUNA.

ART NOTES.

Paintings and sculptures by colored artists may be shown in Boston during the coming winter.

Detroit will have a building specially arranged for art works at her projected international exhibition.

Alexander Young, the "Taverner" of the Boston *Post*, is a most interesting man, who frequents the clubs and knows everybody worth knowing. He has strongly-marked features and looks like a Scotchman. He is a bachelor of 55, and supports himself by his pen.

M. Osiris, a rich Hebrew of Paris, interested in the arts, has placed the sum of £4,000 in the hands of the Press Committee of the Exhibition, to be awarded to the most remarkable work of applied, or "useful," art in the show. One-half is to be awarded to the designer and the other half to the executants; or should one and the same person entirely produce the work, the whole sum will be handed over to him.

E. S. Church, N. A., has presented a water color copy of his painting, "Knowledge is Power," to Vassar College. The picture is that of a young woman attired in an Oxford gown and cap, seated within a grove, holding a book, and surrounded by five huge tigers. The animals are charmed by her presence. The original picture was dedicated to the college girls of America. N. B. The spell-bound gazer is expected to take his choice between the lady or the tigers.

The most noteworthy exhibit in the collection of pictures now on view at the Hanover Gallery, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is Meissonier's celebrated "1814," the famous work in which Napoleon is represented on his white horse retreating from Moscow at the head of his column. The size of the picture is only ten inches by fifteen, and the curious in these matters point out that, as the price asked is £16,000, the painting is valued at over a hundred and six pounds per square inch.

If half is true that M. Emile Cartailhac tells about the remains of primitive architecture on the Islands of Majorca and Minorca, the archæologists of Spain, France and Italy have been dull indeed. He reports to the Academic des Inscriptions that there are complete towns on these islands, surrounded by walls made of immense blocks of stone. There are *talayots*, round towers built in the same way over caves or crypts, and *nau* or *navetas*, elongated towers shaped like boats bottom up, which cover tombs.

Dr. Charles Waldstein, who has recently occupied for a few months the directorship of the American School at Athens, proposes to resign his position at Cambridge, England, as curator of the Fitzwilliam Museum, but retains his lectureship in the university. Dr. Waldstein visited Constantinople last winter, and has a good word to say for Hamdi Bey, the educated Turk, who enrages European antiquarians by endeavoring to secure for his country's museum all the yields of excavations in Asia Minor and elsewhere. Dr. Waldstein will return to the United States for a month or two this summer.

Speaking of the American decorative works shown in New Bond street, London, the *Athenæum* calls them novelties in the best sense of the word. They "exhibit characteristics of their own—sumptuous colors and admirable finish, the luxuries of craftsmanship of a fine order, being most marked of all. Design of the higher kind, which delights in pure and noble form, and the decorations arising from it are yet to come. At present even these subtle elements are by no means conspicuous by their absence, as is usually the case in examples of voluptuous design."

In the matter of the arts, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Professor Hubert Herkomer, A. R. A., M. A., Slade Professor, comes nearer to being the Admirable Crichton of our time than any other man of the day. A painter in oil and water color, an engraver in etching, dry point and mezzotint, a draughtsman on wood and paper, a wood carver of pre-eminence, an ironsmith of the highest skill, a lecturer on the fine arts at one of the great universities, the founder and principal of an art school of world-wide fame, his own architect and civil engineer, a newly-developed magazine writer, a playwright, a musician, a theatrical manager and actor—he now appears as a theatrical 'machinist' of great ingenuity and scene painter of still more originality, a singer and an opera composer.

Benjamin Creswick was a Sheffield workman, earning his living by the sweat of his brow, and with apparently no prospect before him but a life of manual labor. But he had the good fortune to live on the Walkley hillside, and one Saturday afternoon, when the weather was too "dirty" for a walk, he strolled into the museum which Mr. Ruskin and the brethren of the St. George's Guild had established at Walkley. It was the turning point of his life, for it opened up to him a new world and a future full of endless possibilities. He borrowed of the curator—the late Mr. Swan—two photographs of Mr. Ruskin, and set to work to model a bust of the author of "Modern Painters." Of course he had no technical knowledge, and it was but a poor attempt, but there was the hall mark of genius on it all the same, and Mr. Ruskin, who was shown the work, was so struck with it that he invited Mr. Creswick to Brantwood, and afterward arranged for him to study sculpture at Oxford, with the result that he is now at the head of the modeling department of the famous Birmingham Municipal School of Art.

PLUCK AND PRAYER.

There wa'nt any use o' fretting,
An' I told Obadiah so,
For ef we couldn't hold on to things,
We'd just got to let 'em go.
There were lots of folks that'd suffer
Along with the rest of us,
An' it did'nt seem to be worth our while
To make such a dreffle fuss.

To be sure the barn was most empty,
An' corn an' 'taters sca'ce,
An' not much of anything p enty and cheap
But water—an' 'ppie sass.
But then, as I told Obadiah,
It wasn't any use to groan,
For flesh an' blood couldn't stand it; an' he
Was nothing but skin an' bone.

But laws! ef you'd only heard him,
At any hour of the night,
A prayin' out in that closet there,
'Twould have set you crazy quite.
I patched the knees of those trousers
With cloth that was noways thin,
But it seems as if the pieces wore out
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little
Of the thorny way we trod,
But at least a dozen times a day
He talked it over with God.
Down on his knees in that closet
The most of his time was passed;
For Obadiah knew how to pray
Much better than how to fast.

But I am that way contrary
That ef' thing don't go jest right,
I feel like ro,"'n' my sleeves up high,
An' gettin' ready to fight.
An' the giants I slew that winter
I ain't goin' to talk about;
An' I didn't even complain to God,
Though I think that He found it out.

With the point of a cambric needle
I dryv the w olf from the door,
For I knew that we needn't starve to death
Or be lazy because we were poor.
An' Obadiah he wondered,
An' kept me patchin' his knees,
An' thought it strange how the meal held out,
An' stranger we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers,
"God knows where His gift descends;
An' isn't always that faith gits down
As far as the finger ends."
An' I would have no one reckon
My Obadiah a shirk,
For some, you know, have the gift to pray,
And others the gift to work.

—*Josephine Pollard, in Harper's Weekly.*

He Had Reasons.

"I've had my hosses and wagon stole!" shouted an excited farmer, as he rushed into police headquarters yesterday:

"Where from?"

"Right out here on the square!"

An officer was detailed to go with him and investigate, and as they reached the market the farmer said:

"I left 'em right over there about fifteen minutes ago."

"There's a team around the corner there," replied the officer. "Did you have a woman with you?"

"Yes—my wife. Say, by gol! that's my rig as sure's you live!"

"What's the matter, Sam?" asked the wife, as they approached.

"Thought the rig was stole."

"I just drove around to be in the shade."

"You go off the handle pretty easily, I should say," observed the officer to the man. "Why didn't you look around a little?"

"Say," said the man, as he moved a few steps away, "I was a little hasty, but I have reasons for it. That woman sitting right there, humble and demure as she looks, has run away from me three times, and I'm expecting the fourth calamity every minit in the day. Go kinder light on me. She may skip me yit before I git out o' town."—*Detroit Free Press.*

STORY OF A SALMON.

HIS JOURNEY FROM RIVER TO OCEAN AND BACK AGAIN.

Thrilling Description of His Trials and Tribulations From His Birth to His Death.

[Prof. David Starr Jordan, in Science Sketches.]

In the realm of the northwest wind on the boundary line between the dark fir forests and the sunny plains there stands a mountain, a great white cone two miles and a half in perpendicular height. On its lower mile the dense fir woods cover it with never-changing green; on its next half-mile a lighter green of grass and bushes gives place in winter to white; and on its uppermost mile the snows of the great Ice age still linger in unspotted purity. The people of Washington Territory say that the mountain is the great "King-pin of the Universe," which shows that, even in its own country, Mount Tacoma is not without honor.

Flowing down from the southwest slope of Mount Tacoma is a cold, clear river, fed by the melting snows of the mountain. Madly it hastens down over white cascades and beds of shining saads, through birchwoods and belts of dark firs to mingle its waters at last with those of the great Columbia.

This river is the Cowlitz, and on its bottom not many years ago there lay half buried in the sand a number of little orange-colored globules, each about as large as a pea. These were not much in themselves, but, like the philosopher's monads, each one had in it the promise and potency of an active life. In the waters above them little suckers and chubs and prickly sculpins were straining their mouths to draw these globules from the sand, and vicious-looking crawfishes picked them up with their blundering hands and examined them with their telescopic eyes. But one, at least, of these globules escaped their scientific curiosity, else this story would not be worth telling.

The sun shone down on it through the clear water, and the ripples of the Cowlitz said over it their incantantations, and it at last awoke a living being. It was a fish, a curious little fellow, only half an inch long, with great, staring eyes, which made almost half his length, and a body so transparent that he could not cast a shadow. He was a little salmon, a very little salmon, but the water was good and there were flies and worms and little living creatures in abundance for him to eat, and he soon became a larger salmon. And there were many more little salmon with him, some larger and some smaller, and they all had a merry time. Those who had been born soonest and had grown largest used to chase the others around and bite off their tails, or, still better, take them by their heads and swallow them whole, for, said they, "Even young salmon are good eating." "Heads I win, tails you lose," was their motto. Thus what was once two small salmon became united into one larger one, and the process of "addition, division and silence" still went on.

By-and-by, when all the salmon were too small to swallow the others and too large to be swallowed, they began to grow restless and to sigh for a change. They saw that the water rushing by seemed to be in a great hurry to get somewhere, and one of them suggested that its hurry was caused by something good to eat at the other end of its course. Then they all started down the stream, salmon-fashion, which fashion is to get into the current, head up stream, and so to drift backward as the river sweeps along.

Down the Cowlitz river they went for a day and night, finding much to interest them which we need not know. At last they began to grow hungry, and coming near the shore, they saw an angle-worm of rare size and beauty floating in an eddy of the stream. Quick as thought one of the boys opened his mouth, which was well filled with teeth of different sizes, and put it around that angle-worm. Quicker still he felt a sharp pain in his gills, followed by a smothering sensation, and in an instant his comrades saw him rise straight into the air. This was nothing new to them, for they often leaped out of the water in their games of hide-and-seek, but only to come down again with a loud splash not far from where they went out. But this never came back, and the others went on their way wondering.

At last they came to where the Cowlitz and the Columbia join, and they were almost lost for a time, for they could find no shores, and the top and bottom of the water were so far apart. Here they saw other and far larger salmon in the deepest part of the current, turning neither to the right nor left, but swimming right on up as fast as they could. And these salmon would not stop for them, and would not lie and float with the current. They had no time to talk even in the simple sign-language by which fishes express their ideas, and no time to eat. They had an important work before them, and the time was short. So they went on up the river, keeping their great purposes to themselves, and our little salmon and his friends from the Cowlitz drift down the stream.

By-and-by the water began to change. It grew denser, and no longer flowed rapidly along, and twice a day it used to turn about and flow the other way. And the shores disappeared, and the water began to have a different and peculiar flavor—a flavor which seemed to the salmon much richer and more inspiring than the glacier water of their native Cowlitz. And there were many curious things to see; crabs with hard shells and savage faces, but so good when crushed and swallowed! Then there were luscious squid swimming about, and, to a salmon, squid are like ripe peaches and cream for dinner. There were great companies of delicate sardines and herring, green and silvery, and it was such fun to chase them and then capture them!

Those who eat only sardines, packed in oil by greasy fingers, and herrings dried in the smoke, can have little idea how satisfying it is to have one's stomach full of them, plump and sleek and silvery, fresh from the sea.

Thus they chased the herrings about and had a merry time. Then they were chased about in turn by great sea-lions, swimming monsters with huge half human faces, long thin whiskers and blundering ways. The sea-lions liked to bite out the throats of the salmon, with their precious stomachs full of luscious sardines, and then to leave the rest of the fish to shift for itself.

And the seals and herrings scattered the salmon about, and at last the hero of our story found himself quite alone, with none of his kind near him, but that did not trouble him much, and he went on his own way, getting his dinner when he was hungry, which was all the time, and then eating a little between meals for his stomach's sake.

So it went on for three long years, and at the end of this time our little fish had grown to be a great, fine salmon, of forty pounds' weight, shining and silvery as a new tin pan, and with rows of the loveliest black spots on his head and back and tail. One day, as he was swimming about, idly chasing a big sculpin, with a head so thorny that he never was swallowed by anybody, all of a sudden the salmon noticed a change in the water around him.

All along the banks of the Columbia river, from its mouth to nearly thirty miles away, there is a succession of large buildings, looking like great barns or warehouses, built on piles in the river, and high enough to be out of the reach of floods. There are thirty of these buildings and they are called canneries. Each cannery has about forty boats, and with each boat are two men and a long gill-net, and these nets fill the whole river as with a nest of cobwebs from April to July; and to each cannery nearly a thousand great salmon are brought in every day. These salmon are thrown in a pile on the floor; and Wing Hop, the big Chinaman, takes them one after another on the table, and with a great knife dextrously cuts off the head, the tail and the fins; then with a sudden thrust removes the intestines and the eggs. The body goes into a tank of water, and the head goes down the river to be made into salmon oil. Next the body is brought on another table, and Quong Sang, with a machine like a feed cutter, cuts it into pieces just as long as a one-pound can. Then Ah Sam, with a butcher-knife cuts these pieces into strips just as wide as the can. Then Wan Lee, the China boy, brings down from the loft where they are making them, a hundred cans, and into each can puts a spoonful of salt. It takes just six salmon to fill a hundred cans. Then twenty Chinamen put the pieces of meat into the cans, fitting in little strips to make them exactly full. Then ten more solder up the cans, and ten more put the cans in boiling water till the meat is thoroughly cooked, and five more punch a little hole in the head of each can to let out the air. Then they solder them up again and little girls paste on them bright-colored labels showing merry little cupids riding the happy salmon up to the cannery door, with Mount Tacoma and Cape Disappointment in the back-ground; and a legend underneath says that this is "Booth's" or "Badollett's Best," or "Hume's" or "Clark's" or "Kinney's Superfine Salt Water Salmon." Then the cans are placed in cases, forty-eight in a case, and 500,000 cases are put up every year. Great ships come to Astoria and are loaded with them, and they carry them away to London, and San Francisco, and Liverpool, and New York, and Sidney, and Valparaiso, and Skowhegan, Maine; and the man at the corner grocery sell them at twenty cents a can.

All this time our salmon is going up the river, escaping one net as by a miracle, and soon having need of more miracles to escape the rest; passing by Astoria on a fortunate day, which was Sunday, the day on which no man may fish if he expects to sell what he catches, till finally he came to where the nets were few, and at last to where they ceased altogether. But there he found that scarcely any of his companions were with him, for the nets cease when there are no more salmon to be caught in them. So he went on day and night where the water was deepest, stopping not to feed or loiter on the way, till at last he came to a wild gorge, where the great river became an angry torrent rushing wildly over a huge staircase of rocks. But our hero did not falter, and summoning all his forces, he plunged into the Cascades. The current caught him and dashed him against the rocks. A whole row of silvery scales came off and glistened in the water like sparks of fire, and a place on his side became black and red, which, for a salmon, is the same as being black and blue for other people. His comrades tried to go up with him; and one lost his eye, one his tail, and one had his lower jaw pushed back into his head like the joint of a telescope. Again he tried to surmount the Cascades, and at last he succeeded, and an Indian on the rocks above was waiting to receive him. But the Indian with his spear was less skillful than he was wont to be and our hero escaped, losing only a part of one of his fins, and with him came one other, and henceforth these two pursued their journey together.

Now a gradual change took place in the looks of our salmon. In the sea he was plump, round and silvery, with delicate teeth and as handsome and symetrical a mouth as any one need wish to kiss. Now his silvery color disappeared, his skin grew slimy and the scales sank into it; his back grew black and his sides turned red—not a healthy red, but a sort of hectic flush. He grew poor, and his back, formerly as straight as needs be, now developed an unpleasant hump at the shoulders. His eyes—like all enthusiasts who forsake eating and sleeping for some loftier aim—became dark and sunken. His symmetrical jaws grew longer and longer, and, meeting each other, as the nose of an old man meets his chin, each had to turn aside to let the other pass. And his beautiful teeth grew longer and longer, and projected from his mouth, giving him a savage and wolfish appearance, quite unlike his real disposition. For all the desires and ambitions of his nature had become centered into one. We do not know what this one was, but we do know that it was a strong one, for it had led him on and on, past the nets and horrors of Astoria, past the dangerous Cascades, past the spears of the Indians, through the terrible flume of The Dalles, where the mighty river is compressed between huge rocks into a channel narrower than a village street; on past the meadows of Umatilla and the wheat-fields of Walla Walla; on to where the great Snake river and the Columbia join; on up the Snake river and its eastern branch, till at last he reached the foot of the Bitter Root mountains in the territory of Idaho, nearly a thousand miles from the ocean, which he had left in April. With him still was the other salmon which had come with him through the Cascades, handsomer and smaller than he, and, like him, growing poor and ragged and tired.

At last, one October afternoon, they came together to a little clear brook, with a bottom of fine gravel, over which the water was but a few inches deep. Our fish painfully worked his way to it, for his tail was all frayed out, his muscles were sore, and his skin covered with unsightly blotches. But his sunken eyes saw a ripple in the stream, and under it a bed of little pebbles and sand. So there in the sand he scooped out with his tail a smooth, round place, and his companion came and filled it with orange-colored eggs. Then our salmon came back again, and, softly covering the eggs, the work of their lives was done, and, in the old salmon fashion, they drifted tail foremost down the stream.

Next morning, a settler in the Bitter Root region, passing by the brook near his house, noticed that a "dog-salmon" had run in there and seemed "mighty nigh tuckered out." So he took a hoe, and, wading into the brook, rapped the fish on the head with it, and carrying it ashore threw it to the hogs. But the hogs had a surfeit of salmon meat and they only ate the soft parts, leaving the head untouched. And a wandering naturalist found it there, and sent it to the United States Fish Commissioner to be identified, and thus it came to me.

Ground Floor Prices.

"How much are strawberries?" she wearily asked of a Woodward avenue grocer.

"Ten cents, ma'am."

"Isn't that high?"

"Well, yes; but they are certain to go higher."

"Do you think so?"

"Why, certainly. If Austria and Russia go to war, as now seems probable, strawberries will jump to 50 cents a quart in no time."

"Yes, I s'pose so, and I s'pose Charles will agree that I ought to buy now. You may give me a pint."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Handicapped Gallantry.

The boozy man in the corner of the crowded car awoke from a nap and discovered a bulky lady hanging to a strap and glaring at the row of unobservant men intent upon their newspapers. The boozy man's gallantry asserted itself. "I'll be one 'venny two gen'l'men in zish car t' get up an' give th' lady seat," he said.—*Kansas City Star.*

"GRIZZLY'S" SOLILOQUIES.

"TOM" MERRY TELLS ABOUT THINGS IN AUSTRALIA.

"The Weird and Grotesque, the Strange Scribblings of Nature Learning How to Write."

"Tom" Merry, whose writings under the *nom de plume* of "Grizzly" are familiar to all Pacific coast readers, has returned from Australia, and writes as follows about that ancient land:

To take up the story where I laid it down, last week, I speak of Australia as the greatest producer of gold, silver and other precious metals in the entire world. The country embraced between Sandhurst and Ballarat is not over 97x40 miles, and it is producing more gold to-day than all the Pacific States combined. But it is in the province of Queensland that is to be found the greatest gold mine in all the world—the Mount Morgan. It has been worked since 1884, and has no defined ledge. It is simply a mountain of volcanic scoriæ, containing gold so fine that no ordinary process of battery work and amalgamation would take it up. Therefore it is worked in the following way: The ore is first crushed dry in stamp batteries, and then the powder is whirled in concentrators at the rate of 120 revolutions per minute, which throws the heavy stuff to the outside, and allows the lighter detritus to pass out from the center to a bin, whence it is blown clear out of doors by a fan blower driven by steam. The heavy ore is then put into a chlorination furnace and treated just as we have been treating sulphurets in the California mining towns for the past thirty years. The gold comes out of the furnace in a solution about the color of amber sherry wine, and is at once put through a filter of powdered charcoal, about the size of a molasses hogshead. This filter is closely watched, as it is frequently kept in use an entire week. It is then burned, and the gold comes out in the form of bright and ringing metal.

Morgan, the man who owned the farm in which this unparalleled mine is situated, sold it to a "fossicker" (a prospector, in America) for £6,000. The man who bought it did not really know whether he had got gold or platinum, but he knew it was one or the other. If it were gold he was ahead of all the earth; and if it were platinum he could lose nothing. Charley Skerett paid £80,000 for his one-tenth and mortgaged the Royal Hotel property to do so, for which he was soundly rated by his friends. He paid off every shilling of the mortgage before the dawn of January 1, 1887, and has now an income from his dividends just about six times as great as that of the President of the United States. The Mount Morgan mine has paid in dividends over £2,000,000 since it was opened, and the market value of shares was £60 when I left Sydney two months ago. They have some laws in Australia that would be regarded here as destructive to the personal liberty of the private citizen, and yet I believe their mining laws to be the best in the world. They hold that the mineral lands belong to the crown, hence they are leased and not sold. Every second and fourth Saturday night in the month a blackboard is hung out from the front of the District Inspector's office in each district, giving the number of tons quarried, the number of tons crushed and the number of ounces of amalgam cleaned up. This is copied from a statement made by the manager of each mine, under oath. It looks like a blow at civil liberty to compel a man to divulge the secrets of his business, but it certainly has the merit of protecting small shareholders.

Under the Australian mining laws there could have been no Floods, no Sharons, no Mackays nor O'Briens. The money filched from the pockets of barkeepers and servant girls in California by the present system of assessing stock, owned by several hundred people, and letting less than ten of them know what became of the money so levied, could never have obtained ground in the bloomin' colonies, you know. They wouldn't have it that way, miboy. Several Americans went down there to teach the colonials how to run mines on the Comstock plan; and those of them who are not in Pentridge prison, are either herding sheep at five pounds per month or else have taken time by the forelock and fled the country. I know of mines in Ballarat and Sandhurst that have paid dividends of as low as sixpence per share, twice a year. In Nevada or Idaho, this money would have been stolen by the directors, in voting themselves constructive salaries or letting contracts to their brothers-in-law. All this in Australia pleased me. But there is one feature with which I could not be pleased. I allude to the way in which the extremes of society are represented—the very rich and the very poor. It was the first time I had ever seen such a condition of things in a country having a commercial existence of less than fifty years, more especially in a gold-producing country. In 1873 began the first centralization of capital in California. Prior to that time there were no very poor men, and none very rich, either in that State or our own. If I had not seen children starved like wolves in the streets of Melbourne and Sydney, while their mothers were confined for drunkenness in Pentridge or Darlinghurst, I would not write as I do.

Australia is unquestionably the oldest portion of the world. Humboldt started out in his "Cosmos" to prove that Asia and Africa were older than the Western Continent. He found himself one day on the banks of a lake in Bolivia, where the gateways of a ruined city were made of monoliths, similar to those of Baalbec, showing conclusively that the same race had built both, but had built those of Titicaca before they had learned the use of hieroglyhics. This so upset all of Humboldt's theories that he went back to Germany and died a disappointed, grief-stricken man, with his greatest work incomplete. What would have become of him if he had first visited Australia? He could rapidly have seen that there was where the world began; that there the mountains first rose above the floods, as the Creator rested on the seventh day. The countless ages of Roman epic poetry, led on by a Coriolanus or a Horatius; the dim centuries of chivalry that marked Christianity's hand-to-hand struggles with the yoke of the Saracen; the later heroism of Drake, Van Tromp or Hampden, all these passed unheard of by the half-naked savages, who roamed the vast solitudes known as "the Bush," which has its fauna and flora different from that of any other portion of God's earth. Australia is the land of weird melancholy, such as the pen of Poe alone could have depicted. The birds have no song, spite of all of their gorgeous plumage; and the beasts have not yet learned to walk on all-fours. In no other land is the pen of nature so steeped in inherent bitterness, or her radiant form so wrapped in the mantle of despair.

As in eons before Thebes hewed her hundred gateways from the rock, or Karnak reared its temples above the yellow floods of the Nile, the great kangaroos go hopping over the coarse grass, for all the animals of the great south continent are either ghostly or grotesque. When the suns sinks out of sight there is no twilight, for in those southern latitudes the darkness comes at once. From the density of vast eucalyptus forests, which hold their leaves and shed their bark at the coming of winter, great flocks of white cockatoos come streaming out into the approaching night, shrieking like spirits lost. From the crest of some dwarfed sheoak, the hoarse croak of the morepork comes to intensify the dread of the wayfarer who wraps his Mosgiel rug about him and lies down to sleep amid vague dread of dangers unseen. No bright or inspiring fancies entwine themselves about the Australian mountains. Their very name—Mount Misery, Mount Despair, and the like—suggest to the traveler the sufferings of hopeless exp'orers, like Burke, Wills and Leichhardt, who have lain down to perish of thirst and its kindred madness. A stern and funereal melancholia surrounds the ghostly rattle of the white bark as it drops from the gum trees, like ashes sprinkled on the grave of the dying year. In the black gorges of these stern and forbidding peaks is stifled the story of a sullen despair, as when the weary traveler sank down to die, with dreams of England's hawthorn hedged lanes in his brain and the dewy incense of Kentish hopfields creeping, for the last time, over the senses of his parting soul.

In other lands the poet has drawn from earth and air, from swelling sea and bourneless sky, the inspiration which soothes the senses and satisfies the soul, but in the desolate mountains and treeless plains, the poet's soul drinks in the thought of ferocious anger or sullen defiance, which wraps itself about the barren majesty of the Australian Alps. More men have perished from thirst in "the Bush" in the past half century than in all America or Europe in five times that period. I can never forget the long dawn of a morning in Melbourne, when it was broad daylight at 3 o'clock, nearly three hours before the sun began to redden the sky above the blue Dandenough hills. My walk, impelled by a friend's sudden illness, led me down Punt Hill in South Yarra, towards St. Kilda. Whether the same feeling ever came over another man at such an hour, I am unable to say. But its oppressiveness has not yet left me. The vast city with its gloomy rows of brick and stone buildings; the silent and sluggish Yarra, flowing as lazily to the far-off sea as it did on the day when Batman and Hoddle first pitched their tents on Spencer hill; the broad and stony streets, stretching over twelve miles of diameter in the suburbs, without a sign of humanity stirring, all these made up a sad picture to the American whose mind recalled the dull gray of morning receding before the encarnadine glow that surrounds the chariot of Phœbus. Oregon is the land of the long twilight, Australia that of the long dawn. Wrapped up forever in the morning's mantle of mist, her history rises out of the ocean of oblivion, her traditions loom up before the student of nature in a grandeur so vague as to be absolutely gigantic; and she seems to say, with her thousand tongues of rock and tree, before your land was I am!

The same weird melancholy that overhangs the marvelous metropolis forces itself on your contemplation as you ride through the somber forests of the world's oldest land. The lonely stockrider, galloping along through the bush, between waning moonlight and coming day, sees vast shadows creepiag noiselessly over the trackless and illimitable plains. He hears weird sounds to which his ears are strangers, in the hoarse croak of the birds that cannot fly, and the beasts that jump but cannot run. And out of this upsetting of nature's handiwork, while beholding all about him a vegetation long since perished from every other fair land of earth, he feels that the sleek and tidy civilization amid which he first saw the light, becomes tame and dumb beside the grandeur and contemptuous loneliness of mountain peak and forest shade that was contemporaneous with an era in which Humboldt had cradled the very founders of his race. The poetry of the Australian bush speaks to the silent worshiper at nature's shrine as no other land can speak. As Marcus Clarke said in one of the chapters of the greatest novel written in the past thirty years, "His Natural Life," that "Europe is the home of knightly song and heroic deeds, while Asia sinks beneath weighty memories of her past magnificence like the Suttee sinks, burdened with her jewels, upon the corpse of dead grandeur, destructive even in its death. America hurries swiftly on her way, glittering and insatiable as her own waterfalls. From the jungles of Africa and the tangled groves of the South Sea islands arise, from the glowing hearts of a thousand varied flowers, the intoxicating odors that dwell in barbaric sensuality. In Australia alone is found the weird and grotesque, the strange scribblings of Nature learning how to write."

It was, perhaps, my years of rambling, with rod and gun, in the somber silence of Oregon's forests and California's towering Sierras, that bred in my mind a thirst to see the land where Burke and Wills perished of hunger, and where Leichhardt's bones rest in an unmarked grave, because unknown. That longing was satisfied through the kindness of a worthy chief magistrate, now a private citizen of the republic. I have come home thoroughly satisfied with all I have seen, and more American in spirit than ever, but I roughed it just enough, in the bush, the fantastic land of monstrosities begotten before Moses handed down the tablets of the law, to comprehend the subtle charm of its solitude and drink in the lesson of its vague mystery. The myriad tongues of the wilderness whispered to me their manifold doctrines in the language of the haggard and the supernatural. The ghostly gum trees, distorted with the sirocco of January or pinched with the frosts of July, when the Southern Cross seemed frozen into a nebular ocean of cloudless blue, murmured to me the song of a land that had stood still, like a stony dreamer, while empires rose and fell, while nations grew and decayed. The illusive phantom of Australia's solitudes furnished their own interpretation, and left the wayfarer from across the seas to realize, in the poetry of her desolation, why the patriarch's elder son should sell his birthright and still love his heritage of barren sands better than all the fatted flocks and gorgeous apparel that surrounded his ancestral halls.

A Dog's Love of Soda.

Acquired tastes are found not only among men, but among pet animals. A reporter of the Worcester *Spy* was recently in one of the drug stores of that city, when he noticed the entrance of a small, long-haired dog, who at once went up to the soda fountain.

Here he began to sneeze and go through with sundry movements evidently designed to attract the druggist's attention.

"Ah, here you are again, you rascal!" said the shopkeeper. "You want another drink of soda, do you?"

The dog at once resumed his performances, sneezing, sitting on his haunches, barking, and so on. There was no doubt of it; soda was what he wanted.

"What kind of syrup will you have?" asked the proprictor, as he took up a mug.

The dog sat quiet while the different syrups were being named—lemon, pineapple and the rest, until the man came to vanilla. Then he sat up and sneezed, saying as plainly as possible, "Yes, yes, that's the kind."

He exhibited all his best tricks while the beverage was being prepared, and when the foaming mug was placed before him on the floor, he quickly drained it.

"Does he drink that stuff often?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, yes," said the druggist; "he comes round about three times a day, and he never drops a nickel in the slot."

Baron Nordenskjold has now passed through the press the great work upon which he has been engaged—a fac simile atlas to the oldest history of cartography. It is a folio volume containing reproductions of fifty-one maps printed before 1600, with descriptive letter-press and other illustrations.

LOVED BY ACTRESSES.

THE FLOWERS, THE COLORS AND THE BOOKS THEY ADMIRE.

Clara Morris, Rosina Vokes, Pauline Hall, Margaret Mather and Others Tell About Them.

It was a fashion when our grandmothers were young to have what they called "mental albums." They were the forerunners, perhaps, of autograph and birthday books, only much more terrible, for they were made up of a series of questions which one's intimate friends were kindly requested to answer. "What is your favorite flower? color? perfume?" Such questions as these—and there were a score or more of them—helped to complete the list. People had more leisure in those days than at present, or the mental album never could have existed.

Acting upon this idea, says a writer in the New York *Star*, a certain young person of my acquaintance thought it would be a good plan to get one of these albums made up by contributions from some of the more prominent actresses. She values the collection too highly ever to part with it, although she has kindly allowed me to make some extracts for the benefit of my *Star* readers who may be anxious to know the "favorite" flower, or gem, or poet of her favorite actress.

Some time has been spent in making this collection, as it was not always easy to find the actress willing to respond. Probably the list of questions seemed too appalling, or else it was not always so easy to settle definitely upon the "favorite."

Turning the leaves of this unique book one comes to the page contributed by Clara Morris. Copying it verbatim ad literatim it is as follows:

What is your favorite color? A color like sunlight falling through thick branches.
Flower? A tuft of sweet-smelling violets.
Tree? Palm.
Object in nature? The promise on the fields of coming beauty?
Hour in the day? The hour for "five-oclock tea."
Season of the year? When you can almost see the leaves unfolding.
Perfume? That from a rose jar.
Gems? Diamonds and rubies.
Style of beauty? That in which a beautiful soul dwells.
Names? Those who have lived noble lives.
Painters? Raphael and Dore.
Musicians? Beethoven.
Piece of sculpture? Venus di Milo.
Poets? Tennyson, Scott and Milton.
Favorite poetess? Jean Ingelow.
Prose writers? Thackeray, George Eliot and Mrs. Burnett.
Character in romance? Ivanhoe.
Character in history? St. Louis.
What book do you like to take up for an hour? I hardly ever take up one for more than an hour.
Where would you prefer to live? Wherever I find myself, although I do especially love America.

To the last question, "What is your idea of happiness?" no reply was given. It is not always easy for one to define one's ideas upon this subject, apparently, as it is left hopelessly high and dry without an answer on nearly every page.

To vary the monotony a little, the questions are not precisely the same in every instance. For example, the following, to which Mrs. Eldridge, "Aunt Louisa," as she is more familiarly known, sent replies vary a little from those submitted to Clara Morris:

Favorite flower? Violet.
Color? Blue.
Gem? Diamond.

THE SUNDAY UNION.

SUNDAY..............................JULY 21, 1889

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Weather Forecasts for To-Day.

California—Fair, southwesterly winds; nearly stationary temperature.

Oregon and Washington—Fair, westerly winds; nearly stationary temperature.

THE West Virginia sensation just now is a ghost who goes about in airy costume o' nights smoking cigarettes. That is all right; if the spook sticks to cigarettes his fate is determined.

IT turns out, after all, that "Jack the Ripper" has not been arrested—the more shame to the police of London that he is as much a mystery to-day as in the hour his first crime was discovered.

MR. GEORGE JONES, the relic of the Greenback party, has called himself to assemble and re-organize as a national party. It will occasion him but little trouble to effect an organization of himself.

THE judgment of the French Chief of Police upon the police of London is caustic criticism, but very close to the truth when he says that as automatic cab-stoppers the London policemen are not to be excelled, but as detectives their inefficiency is their misfortune.

WHILE there is a great deal of jealousy of Chicago on the part of St. Louis, yet there is a deal of truth in what the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says, in discussing the exacting demand of Chicago upon the railroads, that "Chicago owes a great deal more to the roads, than the roads owe to Chicago."

THE Illinois *School Teacher* insists that final examinations shall cease in the schools, and the monthly reports be substituted. If the "final examination" system still prevails in Illinois, then that State is far behind California, where, in the main, the relic of a false system has been abandoned.

ONE of the best-known female writers of the day says that "women are born gamblers." It is a decidedly broad statement, but there cannot be any doubt that they sometimes play hearts to catch diamonds., says the Baltimore *American*. Very true, and they also sometimes play diamonds to catch what passes for a heart.

THERE is a possibility that a bill will be introduced at the next session of Congress providing for the purchase of Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge, by the Government, with the land adjoining, for the purpose of establishing a Government army post. And it ought to pass, at least so far as the purchase and preservation of the historic spot is concerned. The uses to which the land may be put are secondary matters.

CHICAGO and New York papers are quarreling already over the location of a world's fair for this country in 1892. They appear to take it for granted that the people have decided that we shall have such a fair. But there is no warant for the assumption. If the three Americas exhibition is to be held at all it will be in 1892, and that will be a thousand fold more valuable to us than a world's fair. When the latter is over the end of it is seen—in the other case the exhibition, if well managed, will have enduring and constantly augmenting benefits for our trade with the American nations.

A UNITED STATES LAND COMMISSIONER suspended entries in Dakota that he believed to be fraudulent, in order to prevent land stealing. There was a great deal of bitter feeling engendered in consequence against the Commissioner, who became a very unpopular man. Now the people of Dakota are sending up petitions to the President to have him do precisely what they condemned the Commissioner for. The Constitutional Convention has memorialized the President on the subject. It was suggested to the body that this would be the equivalent of admitting that the people were wrong in the first instance, but the Convention declared that the fact made no difference, and that the free confession is balm to the soul.

THE telegraphic dispatches tell of a man who was hanged under a judgment of an Alabama Court, but whose neck was not broken, and who has been resuscitated and is now alive. It is said that "a grave question" has been raised whether he can again be taken to the gallows, having been once hanged, and the return made officially that he is dead. Whoever entertains any doubt about the matter, is simply ignorant of the law. The decree of the Court always is that the murderer be taken to the place of execution and be "hanged by the neck until dead." If he has not yet been hanged enough to kill him, the Alabama Sheriff has not yet fully discharged his duty. If the man is now alive, the likelihood is that it is due to some secret compact between him and the Sheriff that he should not be "duly" executed. They understand down South how to "get up" these romances.

THE Charleston *News and Courier*, which is representative of public sentiment in South Carolina, declares that the McDow verdict means that in that State the gun shop is the Supreme Court. It declares that "the oft-repeated charge that any large part of the respectable or law-abiding people of this city or State approved the verdict of the McDow jury is without foundation. All true citizens of the State regret that even as many as five white men could have been found in this community who would consent to such a verdict." Not content with this plain speaking, it adds that the reflection upon the manner in which the prosecuting officials conducted the case was unwarranted, and that it believes that if Dawson had been shot in the back and in the very presence of the Court, the verdict would have been the same. This is a very humiliating confession to make. The *Courier*, however, fortifies itself with the assertion that it knows that the great majority of the people in South Carolina are humiliated by the verdict, and condemn it as a travesty upon justice. No matter how loudly the *Courier* may protest, it is certain that the people of its State must bear the shame and endure the scorn of the United States because of the judicial farce it deplores.

A SHAMELESS fellow was before one of the San Francisco Courts the other day to receive a life sentence of imprisonment for the brutal murder of his wife. It appears that he led the woman to a life of shame, and became a partner in her infamous mode of earning means for the support of the two. When, however, the woman sought to break away from her shame and to lead a cleanly life, the fellow, who had fattened on the wages of her infamy while he loafed about the saloons of the city, coolly and cowardly shot her to death upon the public street. These circumstances led the Court in righteous wrath to say to the prisoner on the day of condemnation:

> And yet this man comes upon the stand and by his plea of love for his wife works upon the sympathy of two or three of the jurors and escapes the just penalty of his crime. I have no sympathy for this defendant. I think he deserves death. I think the jurors were derelict in their duty in not pronouncing that judgment.

It is is all very well for a Court to thus manifest its chagrin at the miscarriage of justice, but the suggestion will not down that there is something wrong in our system of procedure, when it is possible for a jury to be so influenced by the plea of a criminal that such a verdict can be possible.

THE plan of distributing city waifs in the homes of the country, and thereby redeeming them to good citizenship, has, by twenty years of trial, demonstrated its superiority to the institutional and confinement plans. Under the distribution system not more than ten or fifteen per cent. at the outside are lost and return to vice and misery. The West is full of instances of these waifs who, under the old system would have landed in correctionals, but have instead been incorporated into Western communities after translation from the slums of New York and Boston, and who have grown up useful members of society. California would have shown wisdom by adopting that plan instead of providing reformatories that, the world over, create or confirm more criminals than they pretend to reclaim. Some of the States have gone so far in the work of reform, as to pass laws forbidding the retention in alms-houses of children between two and sixteen years of age. They require all such waifs to be turned over to aid societies, or to State agents, who find homes for them, and keep watch over their welfare for a term of years.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* reports that gratifying educational progress has been made in the South. While, with one or two exceptions, the communities of the South have not had the financial strength to apply to the school system that other communities have enjoyed, yet all the public schools have been improved, and a great inroad has been made into the illiteracy that was the reproach of the South. In 1880 the reports for the census showed that the school term in the rural districts was restricted to two months; now, in most parts, a full and sufficient scholastic term is secured. In the matter of educating the colored people very great progress has been made, as is witnessed by the great increase of the schools erected for their special benefit, and in the very large attendance upon them.

THE Minnesota newspapers that published the details of the execution of Bulow should be prosecuted and punished. The statute forbidding sensational reports of executions is one that ought to obtain in every State in the Union. That an eminently good law should be openly and defiantly violated on the very first occasion that offered for such lawlessness, is a reproach to the profession of journalism. The newspapers are forever preaching the enforcement of law, greater judicial rigor, more vigor in the execution of law and more certainty in the administration of justice. They should be the first to practice what they preach.

WE echo the suggestion of the New York *Tribune* that the opponents of the pugilistic craze approach the great railroad companies to ask them to refuse to transport the ruff-scuff of the land to the prize-fights. Without spectators the prize ring cannot flourish; without railroad assistance there can be few prize-fights held that will draw paying audiences. As the *Tribune* says: "When no transporting company, no owner of railroads, steamboat or stage lines, will dare to bring together the mob of toughs and loafers who want to witness prize-fighting, the sluggers will migrate to more convenient shores."

THE St. Paul *Pioneer Press* asks: "Are people getting more bloodthirsty, now that they demand more prolonged fights and the pounding of life out of human bodies, and cry down seconds who may venture to throw up the sponge of their own accord when they see their man getting the worst of the battle? Are we getting back to the age of the Roman amphitheater?" No! The brutal sentiment is possessed but by the few, the very few—thank Heaven. We hold that the viciously brutal are in a minority, and must so remain until civilization is pronounced a failure, and human progress has reached its last milepost.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has written a five-page (magazine size) poem, which is to appear in a few days. It is his longest poem and it is claimed to be his strongest. It may be, but we very much doubt it. A poet is not likely to give the world his best at the age of seventy, when the bloom of youth has vanished and the vigor of manhood has departed. Besides, nothing Mr. Lowell might now write could possibly equal in wit, satire, importance, strength, or knowledge of human nature, the famous "Bigelow Papers."

PROFESSOR LAFLIN says there is but one poison in the cigar; in the cigarette there are five. There is first the oil in the paper, then the oil of nicotene, saltpeter to preserve the tobacco, opium to make it mild and the oil used in flavoring. Dr. Holmes adds his testimony by saying that cigarette smoking especially enfebles the will power. But neither warning nor advice will lessen cigarette smoking.

BURIED IN A MINE.

Was I ever down in a coal mine? Yes, once. I will tell you the story. I had some friends living in the coal mining region of Pennsylvania, and I was induced to pay them a visit. While there I was asked to descend into one of the most famous mines and see how the hard, black fuel which affords us such grateful sensations on a cold winter night is procured from the bowels of the earth. Now I have a strong natural desire to see everything new and strange; but I am also very cautious, and do not care to put my life in peril merely to gratify my curiosity, so I hesitated and reflected a little before I answered: "I would like to see the miners at work if it could be done without risk of life."

A pretty, bright blue-eyed young lady who was present, and to whom I had taken a great fancy, burst out with a ringing laugh.

"Surely, you are not afraid, Mr. Maples?" she exclaimed, with a mischievous twinkle of her blue eyes that did more to urge me on than the arguments of all her relations could have done in a month, for no man likes to be thought a coward in the presence of beauty. "I certainly would not like to be considered afraid, Miss Stuart, merely because I have repelling sense of danger!" I replied. "Surely you do not think it necessary for a man to be foolhardy in order to prove that he is not a poltroon? I believe every one is in some degree afraid when he sees danger, but some people are gifted with the faculty of seeing danger when others do not."

"And sometimes where it does not exist."

"It may be."

"And you possess that gift largely," she laughed.

"Nay, Miss Stuart, you hardly do me justice. I at least claim to be reasonable. In the case of mining coal, neither you nor any one else who is familiar with past occurrences in the mines can truthfully declare that there is not all the time danger down in their dark and awful depths, and that every one who descends thither, be it for a minute or a month, carries his life in his hands."

"Well, I at least am not afraid," she rejoined, somewhat boastingly; "and I have been down there as many times as I am years old."

"A matter of 19?" I observed.

"Exactly 19," she smiled.

"Well, then, make it 20, and I will accompany you," I said. "Agreed," was her proud response.

The instant I said this I experienced a strange sensation, like a presentiment of evil, and I would gladly have had my promise unspoken. But it was too late for me to think of changing my declaration even had the danger been a thousand times more apparent, for I am one of those stubbornly firm individuals who always live up to my given word, let the consequences be what they may; and so we prepared ourselves and went down into the mine—a party of four of us—two gentlemen besides myself, and the lady I have mentioned.

The descent for the first two hundred feet was in a large basket, lowered by a windlass; and I do not think that any one of us for the first time ever took that plunge into the awful abyss of mystery and darkness without an inward shrinking akin of horror, however careful and indifferent may have been his outward assumption.

One of our party, who was connected with the mines and was to act as our guide on the present occasion, carried a Davy lamp fastened to his cap, and by this feeble light we could dimly see each others' faces and the black, damp wall which surrounded us as down, down, ever down, we kept sinking deeper and deeper into the bowels of the black pit, well knowing that the slightest accident might land us suddenly on the shores of eternity.

The two gentlemen and myself looked grave, as became the place and the occasion; but pretty Sibyl Stuart was full of talk and animation, rattling on from one thing to another, never seeming to care for a reply, but apparently satisfied to hear the sound of her own voice. Was she really heedless of any possible danger, or was this light chatter done to cover serious misgivings and fancies? I could not believe the words came from a heart as light and free as they seemed to represent.

Reaching our first landing, we began our exploration through long, dark galleries, where every here and there a heavy prop supported the rocky roof, with the thin layer of foundation supported in turn in the same manner, still below us, tier on tier, so that the yielding of any weak spot far down in those awful depths might precipitate thousands of square feet into one shapeless mass and bury us forever from human sight. Still as there was no more danger apparently of this occurring now than at any time within the past twenty years, there was no good reason for taking the subject into consideration, except of my being still haunted by that presentiment of evil which I have spoken.

Our guide led the way to some moving lights which we could see sparkling in profound darkness, and we soon found ourselves at the top of another shaft, where another descent of a hundred and fifty feet was made in a bucket; after which followed some rough climbing over rock and fissures, with here and there a descent by ladders, which proved both precarious and tiresome, till at last we stood upon a ledge from which, another hundred feet still below us, we beheld a hundred moving lights, and heard the peculiar sound of the miners at their daily toil of digging out and breaking the black lumps of coal that were intended to find their way to the bright world above. "There they are," exclaimed our companion, vivaciously, "looking with their red, bobbing lights and shadowy forms, like so many fiends of Pandemonium! Would you like to go down among them, Mr. Maples?"

"If you are satisfied where you are, Miss Stuart, I will venture to say I have had enough," was my reply with a kind of shudder.

"Oh, for that matter I am willing to let you have your own way now," she rejoined, with a light, careless laugh. "You have braved the danger so far like a gallant soldier, and are now entitled to your discharge."

"I see that in your thoughtless way you are still disposed to make sport of my natural caution," I replied a little severely; "but I would very much like you to comprehend that reasonable caution is not cowardice, nor in any degree allied to it; and to prove it in my own person, I now throw down the gage to dare anything that either you or any ambitious friend of yours may have the courage to try."

Even in the dim light I could see that my sharp words had sent a deep color into her pretty face; and after a momentary hesitation, she said:

"I crave your pardon, Mr. Maples, if my light, flippant remarks have hurt your feelings."

"All is already forgotten," I cordially replied, extending my hand, which was accepted in token of amity.

An exclamation from one of our two companions at this moment drew our attention to him. He was looking down at the miners through a field glass and his his words were:

"Ha! What culpable imprudence! One of the miners has struck a match to light his pipe!"

"Which one?" demanded his companion, in a thick, excited tone. "Show me the man and I will have him discharged forthwith?"

Just as he spoke, and while he was in the act of reaching out his hand for the glass, a blinding sheet of flames was seen to envelop all below, a rush of foul hot air threw us down upon the rocks, and a crashing explosion, like a thousand thunders, completely stunned us and shook down the rocks around us like a terrible earthquake. When I came to my senses, all in the blackness of the rayless abyss, I heard a low, wailing moan of terror and despair, accompanied with the words:

"Oh, my God! my God! what has happened, and where am I?"

It was the plaintive voice of Sibyl Stuart, and I was grateful to God that she was still alive. I knew where we were and what an awful thing had happened, for my recollection came with my consciousness. Reaching out my hand I touched her, and in a soothing tone said: "There has been a terrible explosion, Miss Sibyl, and I fear that many lives have been lost; but, thank God, we still survive, and I hope you have escaped injury."

"Oh, merciful heaven! I comprehend all now," she moaned. "Forgive me, dear friend! Forgive me!"

"For what?"

"Making light of your forebodings and bringing you here to your doom."

"All is forgotten and forgiven, dear girl. I shall think of nothing now but how to get you out of this horror alive. The foul air here is almost suffocating. Where are our companions?" She hurriedly called them by name, but received no reply.

I thought they might still be unconscious on the ground and began to feel about for them. They were only a few feet from us when the explosion occurred, but as I reached out for them now in the darknesss my hands came in contact with a huge rock on the very spot where they had been standing. In a moment I comprehended the horrid truth—they had both been crushed to death under it. I hurriedly made known to my fair companion the startling fact, and added: "It may be that we two, of all within the mine, are the only ones that Providence has spared."

"O heaven," she groaned, "spared, perhaps, for a more terrible death! For how can we ever find our way up through this awful darkness to the world above?"

"We will try, at all events, and while there is life there is hope," I rejoined, in a cheerful tone, though with no cheerful feelings, for I thought the chances were all against our ever seeing the light of heaven again. Taking the hand of my fair companion, that we might not become separated in the awful darkness, I began to carefully grope in the direction which I supposed would retrace our steps. The air was very foul with poisonous gases, and at times it seemed as if it would paralyze our lungs to inhale it. We soon came to a broad chasm, and were I not feeling my way inch by inch, so to speak, I should have plunged into a death-pit and dragged Miss Stuart down with me. I could not tell the width of the fissure in the darkness, but evidently we could not cross it, for when I lay down on the edge and stretched forth my hands I could not touch the other side.

"Alas! we are doomed to perish here, and it is all my wicked doing!" said the self-accusing girl, when I announced to her the reason we could advance no further in that direction.

"Nay, dear Miss Sibyl; I will not hear you blame yourself for being here," I replied. "You simply did not see the danger in the same light that I did—or perhaps I should rather say that you did not see the danger at all."

"Only as we see danger when it lightens," she responded; "we know we may be struck, but we can scarcely be said to fear it. Oh, Mr. Maples, if there is any way by which you can save your life, do not give a thought to me, but make the effort alone, and I will pray for your success."

"Ah! now you do indeed wrong me, and wound my sensitive nature, by assuming in all seriousness that I am a coward," said I reproachfully.

"O no! no! I meant not that," she protested. "It was only that, if there is but one life to be saved I would rather have it yours instead of mine."

"O, dear Miss Sibyl, dare I understand that you would save my life at the sacrifice of your own?"

"Yes," she faintly sighed after a momentary pause.

I quickly drew back from the verge of the dread abyss, and there, in that rayless darkness and that awful tomb of death, I caught her in my arms and pressed her to my heart. "You love me, then, Sibyl—dear, dearest Sibyl!—you love me?" I exclaimed, as I passionately kissed her tremulous lips. "Yes; here in the presence of death, I frankly confess that I love you, dear Henry," she faintly murmured.

"Heaven bless you, darling!" I returned; "it makes me happy to hear these sweet words, even though death be near us both! What is death, darling, if we are beloved by our beloved, and know we shall die with our love? for death here is only life hereafter. But we will not die now, if any effort of our own can save us, and so let us work together for life!"

With this, keeping a firm hold of the dear girl, I began to feel my way in another direction; and so we wandered about in the darkness, hour after hour, seeing nothing and knowing nothing of our course, whether it were right or wrong. I said all I could to cheer my sweet companion, but at length she began to despair; and I, to tell the truth, lost all hope of ever leaving our prison pit alive. If we could have known that we were going in the right direction there would have been some little encouragement to persevere; but when we considered that the chances were equal to our getting still farther away from the point we wished to reach, there seemed no reason for this exertion, and we sat down completely disheartened.

"Well, darling, it will be as God wills," I sighed. "I have no other consolation to offer."

"And I am to be punished for my boastful presumption, in the suffering of one whose life is dearer to me than my own," she replied.

"O, Sibyl, darling, you must not accuse yourself, for that tortures me!" cried I. "Our being here is one of those misfortunes which were to be. We have reached a point where the air seems less poisonous, and we may possibly exist here for days; and who knows what time may do, when there are so many anxious souls above who will not rest day or night till they shall have explored the mine in search of the living and the dead."

In that rayless darkness we could not make a note of time, or tell whether it were a day or night in the world above. We only know that, after a long period, we began to feel the pangs of hunger and thirst; that we gradually grew weaker; that we slept at times and at last we began to have strange sensations in our brains, and see dancing lights and phantoms, and wonder, in a vague sort of way whether we were tenants of this world or the other. That is the last I remember till I found myself in a room on a bed, weak as an infant, and numbers of anxious friends standing around me. Even then my first thought was of my dear companion, and my first words were an inquiry for her. When assured that she was safe, I remember feeling as if I were in heaven, and at once fell off into a dreamless sleep. I subsequently learned that we both had been found, after a three days' search, in an unconscious condition, and that of all the parties as far down in the mine as ourselves, we were the only ones brought to the surface alive. One hundred and nine persons perished in that awful explosion, and the whole village was in mourning. I have only to add that my dear Sibyl and I both recovered, and in time regained our health, and that she is now my loving wife.

Water for Tea and Coffee.

The *Scientific American* says: All tea and coffee drinkers can tell by their taste if the water from which the beverage is made has not been boiled or has boiled too much. Either of these conditions will spoil the flavor of the costliest tea or the best coffee berry, but not every one knows the reason or how to avoid the result. The secret is in putting good fresh water into a clean kettle already warm and setting it to boil quickly, and then taking it right off to use in tea, coffee and other drinks before it is spoiled. If the water is allowed to steam and simmer and evaporate till all the good of the water is in the air, and the lime and iron and dregs left in the kettle, you must not expect a well-flavored cup of tea or coffee.

Execution by Electricity.

American Notes and Queries has instituted an inquiry among the most eminent scholars of the country to determine the best word to express execution by electricity. The answers, as far as received, are remarkable for the variety of suggestions. Among them are electriphon, electricize, electrotony, electrophony, thanelectrize, thanatelectrize, thanatelectrisis, electromort, electroctony, electroctsy, fulmen, electricide, electropœnize, electrotœnese, electrocution, electroed, electrostrike, and finally joltacuss or voltacuss. The last is the suggestion of Bill Nye.

THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING AND THINKING—AN OLLA PODRIDA.

Arranged for Them by One of Them—Some Good Advice, Straight Delivered—Dress.

[Written for the SUNDAY UNION.]

THE VIEW OF "A HORRID BACHELOR."

You may talk of the innocent Eve,
Of the apple—(perhaps a persimmon)—
Whate're you would have me believe,
I've my own opinion of women.

By their smiles and their copious tears,
And a power that's subtile, they rule us;
Then, as quick as a weather-cock veers,
They turn and they laugh when they fool us.

Just glance over history now,
From creation down to this minute—
There ne'er was a scandal or row,
But Woman was somehow mixed in it.

Yet here is occasion for mirth,
For a compact the Maker has given:
The women are angels on earth—
But men are the angels in heaven!

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

"For goodness sake, girls, do stand up!" Such was my mental ejaculation, the other evening, when gazing at a class of "sweet girl graduates" in one of our most popular seminaries, as—flushed with the achievement and admiration of the hour—they came forward, one by one, to receive their bits of sheepskin.

In these days, when instruction is to be had in almost every conceivable branch of mental and physical education, is it not strange that the simple but important accomplishment of knowing how to carry one's self gracefully should be so entirely overlooked? A girl may be beautiful, learned, stylish and gay, but excessive awkwardness spoils the whole, as the ungainly gait of a peacock is made more noticeable and ludicrous by contrast to the gorgeousness of that proud bird.

More than half the young ladies one meets in society, on the streets, or in crowded public places, hold themselves so abominably that one longs to get at them and pull them up straight, if not to give them a good shaking for their carelessness! Did you ever observe the wriggle-twisted, awry, come-to-pieces attitude of the average Miss when she assumes to stand in an erect position—but which proves to be anything but a perpendicular, being rather a diversified variation of all the awkward postures which the many-jointed human frame is capable of attaining while yet approximating uprightness? They stand on one hip—they waggle and wobble, and run their chins out; they display sharp points and angles where there should be curves, and unaccountable hollows where should be graceful fullness. Is it that another modern malady, newer than diphtheria or spinal meningitis, has attacked our otherwise lovely girls, before ever gout or rheumatism or age or toil or excessive avoidupois have hardened or impeded one of their supple muscles into limited possibilities?

Girls, just think how wretchedly you would feel if anybody thought you were absolutely deformed, and obliged to stand in some of the positions you voluntarily assume! You who are naturally straight as a plumb line, and

LITHE AS A YOUNG GORILLA,

And who pride yourselves so greatly on perfection of form! Did you ever attend an old-fashioned country "kissing bee," and see that favorite forfeit paid which the rustic belles and beaus call a "double-and-twisted-lord-o'-massy," which makes the victims look while executing it as if some terrible deformity were drawing them out of human resemblance? Well, if you have, you can realize something of your own appearance when you attempt to stand at the modern poise—so distressingly ungraceful that even your sweet young faces can scarce redeem you.

Yes, I know it is tiresome to stand still, and almost a high art to do so for any length of time in an upright position; but if you will try it, when it is necessary to be done you will find that one does not tire half so quickly as when twisted into an unnatural position.

Nowadays youth is taught to dance, to ride, to be musical, to be athletic—to be everything, in short, but graceful. It may be that this list of accomplishments naturally includes grace of deportment; but I know many girls who have gone through long and expensive courses of just such polishing, and have not come out swans of motion. Very few seem to have the remotest idea of how to leave and enter a room properly. A trifling matter, you may say, if the young person is good and pretty; of small consequence in the eyes of most observers if she has the desired "pas," and especially if there is a fortune behind her. But you might as well say that of any of her accomplishments on which so much time and money have been spent; and when superior excellence is aimed at in many respects, why not try to make a perfect whole?

EXTERNALS

Are the best evidences of character, and there are many of us who regard a bearing of unconscious grace and dignity as one of the cardinal virtues.

Most American girls are admirable dancers, expert swimmers and tennis-players, and many go to to the gymnasium as religiously, almost, as to church. "What is the reason," said the mother of a very pretty daughter, "that I should have such an awkward child? It is an agony to watch Liilian come into the room, and it makes no difference whether we are alone or if there are guests, so it cannot be from shyness." "Perhaps the fault comes from self-consciousness," was the sympathetic response. "Whatever the cause," replied fair Lillian's mamma, "I wish somebody would train her, for her own sake, as well as for mine."

And why not? Why shouldn't our future women be put through their paces, as are the ladies and debutantes to be presented at the Queen's drawing-room drilled in theirs, previous to that august ceremony? If dancing-masters and finishing schools utterly fail in imparting

DISTINCTION OF CARRIAGE,

Why not import a regiment of Court teachers who make it a business to teach how to hold one's self according to foreign regulation? The present slip-shod style may be largely the result of paternal carelessness, but it can be remedied precisely as a trick in a horse can be cured by patience and a wish to see that noble animal at his best.

A writer on this subject in the Boston *Herald* gives as an illustration of the value of natural or acquired grace the example of Mrs. Agnes Booth on the stage. He says: "To see her sit or rise from her chair is a liberal education on this especial theme, and no actress, however great, has ever made an 'exit' with more consummate art. While Mrs. Booth is by no means willowy, she carries the motion that idealizes locomotion in the human mind and gives the beholder the impression of lightness of foot quite opposite to so junoesque a figure." In rare instances this grace may be a gift of the gods to the woman—but much of it may be cultivated by practice, if the dear girls will do so.

By the way, we have all seen that

EXCELLENT BIT OF ADVICE

Calculated to teach stout ladies how to walk, which has been going the rounds of the papers for the last two months. The advice, which is the very best in its way, was evidently written by one who knew what she was talking about, and if faithfully followed will no doubt accomplish its purpose. But don't, I beg of you, practice it upon the public streets—at least not in broad daylight—until you have acquired some degree of expertness in the art. The directions are about as follows:

It was asserted with truth that victims of too much avoirdupois are inclined to come down solid upon the heels when walking, thereby throwing into unnecessary prominence their most conspicuous "feature," the abdomen. They are wisely told to first stand erect, holding the spine straight and throwing the shoulders well back and downwards; then, by a slight muscular effort, draw in the abdomen and throw out the chest. This will involuntarily elevate the chin and assist one to step upon the toes or upon the balls of the feet, giving a far more stately carriage and apparently reducing greatly the abnormal size of the abdomen. It is asserted that a month's practice will enable one to do this naturally and gracefully, and no doubt it is true. But just experiment with it a moment yourself, walking once or twice across the floor, following literally the directions, and you will see how easy it is to overdo—to hump one's self like a camel, or to assume a ridiculous mincing gait or a kangaroo attitude, or to swing one's rear with a motion that used to be called "nipping;" or, worse than all, to forget one's self now and then, and inadvertently let out the drawn-in protrubrance and come down flat upon the heels again, causing such a marked difference in contour as to startle beholders—much as if a sober, blank hall should suddenly throw out a bay window! I have seen the thing in practice upon the streets so often of late as to be able to recognize the symptoms from afar off, and to tell unmistakably as soon as one of the stout sisterhood comes into view whether she is practicing directions.

Well, let us talk awhile on that, to us, more congenial topic of fig-leaves. Comparatively

OLD-FASHIONED DRESS FABRICS

Are becoming more and more popular as the season advances, with increased inclination to revive old customs, costumes, habits and some dances, including the stately minuet. Could Mme. Recameir or Mme. de Stael pay a flying visit to the United States this summer, they would find, wherever "the best society" is represented, lassies and matrons gowned, even to the last button, in exact imitation of the precise styles which these two leaders of fashion in their remote day introduced to the Parisian world more than a century ago. The "Recameir gowns," as they are called, are copied from old prints and portraits, by laughing, chatting, pleasure-loving women of to-day. When procurable, (which is not often, however), nothing sets off these dresses so well as historic sets of old silver buttons. Some of these, painted by Watteau, Boucher, and their contemporaries, may be found in bric-a-brac shops, or have been preserved in families as heir-looms, and now are worth their weight in gold. These buttons once adorned the cuffs and pockets and fronts of brocaded gowns and coats long fallen into shreds, while their first happy owners went to dust long, long ago.

Among the old-new fabrics, late advices have it that Irish poplins have "taken possession" of Paris, and will shortly be the rage in America. The newest importations of these goods are extremely rich in texture and coloring, calculated to combine artistically with soft-falling wools, such as serge and Henrietta, and also with silks, cashmeres, velvets and crepalene. Just now,

LIGHT COLORS

Are by far most popular. The best dressed and most conservative women now wear street costumes of rose-color, pale blue, green and mauve, who, two years ago, would have looked upon such dress in the street as an unpardonable offense against all canons of good taste. They wear the tan-colored pig-skin shoes, or red Russia leathers for all but the most ceremonious occasions; their hats are covered with masses of flowers; the gloves match their shoes or dresses, as they may prefer; and the long-handled directoire parasols have their ivory sticks tied with long floating bows and ends of ribbon.

For this good year, 1889, white is again the favorite color for festal gowns—and nothing can be prettier, or more refined-looking. There is every imaginable material in white—silk, woolen, cotton, linen and in mixtures. Gowns of white China crepe and white mousselaine de soie over white taffetas, with trimmings of silver and gold, take the lead of all others in etherial lightness and vaporous charm. Tulle and organdy are also favorites for full evening dress. White fans, white flowers, white shoes and pearl ornaments are worn with these white toilets.

WHITE GOWNS

For afternoon wear are made of a variety of cloths, such as nun's veiling, challie, berege, China and India silks, foulards, nansooks and cambrics, braided with gold or silver, embroidered, tucked, lace-trimmed, according to the fancy of the wearer. There is a hosts of white woolen stuffs and others (like lawn-tennis flannel), that are nearly all cotton, but are woven to imitate woolen, which make pretty and inexpensive gowns.

In the matter of sleeves a revolution has taken place. Some of the newest are very wide at the top, and either lace or button inside the arm. Many allow them to droop over the hand, thus carrying out the medieval mode in its entirety. Mutton-leg sleeves, with wrinkles or folds extending around the arm, are made very long, almost to the knuckles, because if cut shorter, when quite full, they are out of proportion and have a bad effect.

Distinct sleeves appear in many dresses, and for stout women velvet sleeves and plastrons are recommended as greatly narrowing the figure. For very thin, fine material a pretty style is the plain sleeve, open down the outside of the arm, cut in scallops and bound either with the goods or with narrow ribbon. The scallops are so arranged that the points meet at the back of the arm and are fastened together with tiny bows, buttons, or little gold clasps.

The very newest sleeve is called the "Moyen age," and is made full, gathered into the arm-hole with a swell over the top of the shoulder, but split open in the lower part of the elbow, over an under-sleeve of silk that fits like a glove and is finished at the wrist with a fall of lace, the finest that you can afford. But in all this column and a half we haven't gossiped one bit about

THE "ABSENT WOMAN."

Let us begin with the Queen of Madagascar, because she is too far away to "sass back." They do say that the illustrious lady is not nearly so black as one might expect, and that she is small and slender and "wears a sad expression"—besides the few clothes which etiquette prescribes in her section. It is said that she is very unhappy, and pines for her former husband, who died of consumption before she came to the throne, and for that reason she held out as long as possible against accepting the crown. She is only about 23 years of age, and has already reigned four years, and is the most popular ruler the people have ever had. All her dresses come from Paris. On the day when some American saw her she wore a robe of white cashmere, with train of heavy white silk; a mantle of the same, with buttons of cut steel; white silk hat with ostrich feathers and steel ornaments in the shape of half-moons; four-button white kid gloves; bracelets of red coral (the national jewel), and broach earrings and pendant of cut steel.

SPEAKING OF QUEENS,

It is well known that England's sovereign lady keeps all the rooms forever locked up in which her relatives have died; and so many have departed this life in course of the years, that it is getting to be a matter of inconvenience to the living, who will be cramped for quarters by and by. The apartments at Claremont, in which the Princess Charlotte died, more than seventy years ago—are still religiously closed and nobody is allowed to use them. Prince Albert's apartments at Windsor, Osborne and Balmoral are all kept precisely as they were when he was alive, and on the wall of the room in which he expired is a tablet with an inscription recording that fact. The Duchess of Kent's rooms, at Frogmore, are also shut up—an arrangement which renders that abode absolutely useless, as they are the best in the house. The Queen has also kept John Brown's rooms, at Windsor, entirely closed since the death of that domestic, and a large brass has been put up in the apartment in which he expired, commemorating his virtues and deploring his loss.

In Mrs. Dean's new book, "How to be Beautiful," she says that Mrs. Langtry, to whose superb complexion all concede the palm, takes a cold plunge every morning, merely as a beautifier. After a thorough rubbing, she wraps herself in blankets and rests twenty minutes. One day she was horrified to discover little wrinkles on her fair face, and after long hunting in vain for something to stay the spread of those tell-tale lines she found a panacea in the means employed by Persian women—which is nothing more nor less than covering the face with slices of raw veal, twice a week, two hours at a time.

EVE'S GREAT-GREAT-GRAND-DAUGHTER.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Matters of Interest to Ministers and Laymen of All Denominations.

Thomas E. Sherman, son of General Sherman, has been ordained to the priesthood.

Rev. J. [illegible]. Cleveland, a superannuated member of the California Conference, and his wife, have gone East on a visit to friends and relatives.

Rev. W. A. Spence, D. D., preached last Sunday morning at First Church, Oakland, and at night at Grace Church, San Francisco. He left Monday for Los Angeles.

Rev. A. J. Hanson, business manager of the *Pacific Christian Advocate*, Portland, Oregon, with his wife, are visiting friends and relatives in California. They were out at Santa Clara last week.

Bishop Vincent does an amount of work that seems to us to be almost beyond endurance. We regretted his inability to visit the southern part of the State, and we know it was a disappointment to our brethren there. But the work there was not in the original plan, and was, in fact, almost a physical impossibility. He is doing all he can for the church, and we rejoice in his ability to speak so often and with such effect, but there is no economy in working such men to death.—*Christian Advocate.*

James Murray, of Hankow, Central China, writes to the *Christian* (London) that "the treaty with England for admission of opium to China is binding only up to January 18, 1890. It can then be terminated by either party at twelve months notice; therefore, it can be made to expire on January 18, 1891. As to the desirability of terminating this traffic, there can be but one answer. So we should say England has received a revenue of over $800,000,000 from this cruel traffic. Will she be willing to give up so lucrative a business, but a business so destructive to body and soul?"

The Cumberland *Presbyterian* says: "There is nothing more certain than that there were differences of opinion in the early church. Yet these differences did not result in divisions and separate organizations. The churches held counsels and settled vexed questions without producing schisms. If the church had always held to the spirit of toleration, there need not have been so many factions in the Christian world. Presbyterians have departed from the great central principle followed by the Apostles and their immediate successors. They have stickled for forms instead of principles, and the result has been disaster after disaster."

Dr. John Hall of New York, in a speech made at the grand reception given by the Presbyterian Union of New York City, to the General Assembly, in referring to the general characteristics of the Presbyterians, said: "Our people are not found at Albany lobbying around the Legislature to secure help for our denominational charities," and he declared the members of the Presbyterian Church were known in this city as among the most liberal and unostentatious givers for every good work. "We do not often," he said, "get in the newspapers, because we are a quiet people, who do not furnish much of what passes for news. We are not sensational nor spectacular—we avoid all that, and on spiritual grounds."

The *Churchman* says: "In the discussion in regard to the color line in the church it has been urged that in this country, at least, Rome has never admitted a colored man to her ministry. Whether that is a merit or a reproach, it is no longer true. Last week in Baltimore Cardinal Gibbons ordained a colored priest, and it indicates what the future policy of that church is to be. Rome is wise in her generation. While we wrangle about a colored man more or less in our conventions, she appropriates the millions of a Miss Drexel to the work of religion among the Indians and the negroes. One of her journals states that our unfortunate discussion of the color line has carried to Rome thousands of the negroes. That may or may not be true, but it indicates what might be supposed to be a natural sequence. There is no one who holds that incompetency should legislate in church or State, but there are many who do not think the proper test of competency is the solar spectrum. Gross ignorance should be excluded from all places of trust and responsibility, but equally so, whether white or black."

The Portland (Me.) *Press* says: "The assertion made at the meeting of the American Missionary Association of Dr. Kincaid that parts of New England were spiritually barren as a rock, and that Maine's missionary fields were calling loudly for workers, has already been commented upon as a statement that need not be taken with great allowance. The Rev. A. G. Fitz, of South Paris, writes to the Oxford *Democrat* this week an interesting letter upon the condition of the missionary field in Oxford county. Mr. Fitz writes this letter to show, as he says, 'that mission work is needed right here at our own doors.' Ten years ago it was found that there were people in Oxford county who had never been to any kind of a religious meeting, some who did not know what a Sunday-school was, and many who had never heard a church-bell ring. The Congregational churches of the country put a missionary into the field with commendable promptness, and work has been carried on for ten years in that county. But the field is too large for one missionary, and to-day there are found, Mr. Fitz writes, 'people who never heard a sermon preached, or heard the voice of prayer,' 'children who have never been to Sunday-school' and 'sick people who have not seen the face of a minister for many years.'"

MARYSVILLE MUSINGS.

No Clue to the Highwaymen—Preparations for the Fair.

[Appeal, July 20th.]

C. L. Smith is up from Sacramento.

Preparations relating to the coming District Fair are progressing slowly. There is a conflict of opinion as to how it ought to be conducted. One side think that gambling should be permitted, and another that it should not. The former element are most heard in talk. They say that they think that Mayor Slattery should allow his ultimatum in reference to gaming to lapse during fair week.

W. G. Abbott, father of William E. Abbott, the young man who was fatally kicked by a mule at the Marcuse ranch in Sutter county on Thursday, accompanied by several representatives of the Knights of Pythias and Red Men's Lodges of Newcastle, arrived here yesterday morning and took charge of the remains, which were shipped to Newcastle yesterday.

The number of people who have seen men answering the description of the two highwaymen who robbed Shoemate and others, is large, and they come from all parts of the surrounding country. Notwithstanding all these reports, no clue has been received as yet which would warrant an arrest.

J. S. Metteer says that he is experiencing considerable difficulty in getting testimony with which to proceed against the liquor dealers now violating the Sutter county high license.

GALT GATHERINGS.

New Evangelical Church to be Built—Other Interesting Items.

[Galt Gazette, July 20th.]

The weather has been very pleasant here for the past week.

Tully Kreeger met with quite a serious accident last Tuesday. He was running after a chicken and stumbled—in the fall he broke his arm.

A movement is on foot and receiving substantial encouragement, looking toward the erection of a new church in Galt. State Evangelist E. B. Ware, on behalf of the members of the Christian Church of Galt and vicinity, is circulating a subscription list to raise funds with which to build the proposed church. The Christian Church people have been earnest workers in Galt for the past few years.

Miss Gracie Rider is visiting friends in Sacramento.

Miss Mattie Bates, of Sacramento, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Devin, of this place.

The following pupils of Galt Public School received diplomas of graduation from the County Board of Education: Jennie Gibbons, Mattie Niles, Fairy Jenks, Susie Sawyer, Barnett Brewster and Mitt Rawlings.

DIXON DOINGS.

Sacramentans Away From Home—Thrown From a Wagon.

[Tribune, July 30th.]

Miss Howard of Sacramento has been visiting Mrs. R. H. Brown.

Mrs. Frank Trainor and Children of Sacramento are visiting relatives in Dixon.

D. Mack was severely injured by a runaway last Monday. He drove a spirited team into Dixon, and after completing his purchases, started to go home. Just after passing the "New Corner," his team became frightened at a wheelbarrow that a man was trundling out from the rear of Kumle's stable. The horses started to run, and before he could regain control of them, one line parted. When opposite the Masonic cemetery, he attempted to jump, and struck upon his head with such force as to render him unconscious. When picked up, blood was oozing from his nose and mouth, both eyes were swollen, there was a bad cut on the right hand and another on his head, and there was a bad wound in his throat. He was conveyed to his home, but it was several hours before he regained consciousness.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Department Two—Van Fleet, Judge.

SATURDAY, July 20, 1889.

Adjourned.

Department One—Van Fleet, Presiding.

SATURDAY, July 20, 1889.

Eli Mayo vs. C. K. McClatchy et al.—Dismissed on motion of plaintiff.

MARRIED.

Sacramento, June 22—By Rev. Thomas Filben, Charles L. Taylor to Lucy L. Meredith.

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN & CO.,

400 to 410 K Street, Sacramento.

The Largest General Retail House on Pacific Coast. Catalogues and samples free.

DO YOU SMOKE A PIPE?

If you do, take the advice of thousands of OLD SMOKERS who have tried it, and Smoke "SEAL OF NORTH CAROLINA" PLUG CUT.

YOU WILL FIND IT THE BEST SMOKING TOBACCO ever sold on this coast.

It is made from three-year-old Tobacco, smokes soft and cool, and will last twice as long as the many cheap imitations that are flooding the market.

SMOKE SEAL OF NORTH CAROLINA, and you at once see why it has the largest sale of any Tobacco on the coast.

* *If your dealer does not keep it he will get it for you, if he values your trade.* MWF&Su2p

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

June 26. 1889.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

LEAVE.	TRAINS RUN DAILY.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Calistoga and Napa	11:40 A.
4.05 P.	Calistoga and Napa	8:30 P.
11:00 P.	Ashland and Portland	3:40 A.
5:05 P.	Deming, El Paso and East	7:05 P.
7:30 P.	Knight's Landing	7:55 A.
4:30 A.	Marysville (Mixed)	4:25 P.
9:00 A.	Los Angeles	9:55 A.
9:00 P.	Ogden and East—Second Class.	6:30 A.
10:30 P.	Central Atlantic Express For Ogden and East	3:40 P.
3:00 P.	Oroville	9:50 A.
11:00 P.	Oroville	3:40 A.
3:00 P.	Red Bluff via Marysville	9:50 A.
10:40 A.	Redding via Willows	4:05 P.
4:00 A.	San Francisco via Benicia	10:40 P.
7:00 A.	San Francisco via Benicia	8:30 P.
4:05 P.	San Francisco via Benicia	10:10 P.
*10:00 A.	San Francisco via steamer	†6:00 A.
11:20 A.	San Francisco via Livermore	2:25 P.
3:05 P.	San Francisco via Benicia	11:40 A.
11:20 A.	San Jose	2:25 P.
9:00 A.	Santa Barbara	9:55 A.
5:05 P.	Santa Barbara	7:05 P.
7:00 A.	Santa Rosa	11:40 A.
4:05 P.	Santa Rosa	8:30 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Galt	7:05 P.
5 05 P.	Stockton and Galt	9:55 A.
9:00 P.	Truckee and Reno	6:30 A.
10:30 P.	Truckee and Reno	3:40 P.
8:30 A.	Colfax	5:00 P.
7:00 A.	Vallejo	11:40 A.
4:05 P.	Vallejo	†8:30 P.
*12:15 P.	Folsom & Placerville (mixed)	*10:35 A.
*7:15 A.	Folsom and Placerville	*3.45 P.
*5:20 P.	Folsom	*9:50 A.

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A.—For morning. P.—For afternoon.

A. N. TOWNE, General Manager.

T. H. GOODMAN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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*SUNDAY * UNION.*

HAS THE COMBINED CIRCULATION

—OF THE—

Daily Record-Union and Weekly Union

TO START WITH.

THE GREAT NEWS COMBINATION

Of the Interior of the Pacific Coast. Unapproachable in Telegraph and — SUNDAY UNION.

General News Facilities. Are Clean in all Departments. Papers of which — RECORD-UNION.

Sacramentans in particular and Californians generally are always proud to speak. — WEEKLY UNION.

ONLY ONE RATE.

DISPLAY MATTER, per half inch each insertion........$2
STAR NOTICES, per line........$1
NOTICES WITHOUT STAR, per line........$2

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THE SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING CO.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

A DEVOTED SISTER'S LETTER TO HER OUTLAW BROTHER.

Interesting Episode of "Rattlesnake Dick's" Death—The Man Who Hadn't Heard of Greeley.

Last week, in its chronicles of early events, the SUNDAY-UNION published an account of the shooting of "Rattlesnake Dick," an outlaw, in Placer county. Referring to the affair, the Placer *Herald* published the following particulars, a few days after the killing. The letter from a sister in the East, found on the person of the desperado, shows that he, like many other outcasts, must have been reared under the influences of refined surroundings, but had gone wrong in the early days of California life, when law and order were but lightly regarded. Says the *Herald:*

"Dick" was found lying on a saddle "machere" on a pile of brush, a saddle-blanket partially covering him. He had a pair of kid gloves, in one of which was a slip of paper, on which was scrawled with a pencil the following:

"Rattlesnake Dick, like all other true Britons, dies, but never surrenders."

On the reverse side of the same paper was written:

"If J. Boggs is dead, I am satisfied."

There was also found upon the person of Dick another letter; as we read it, it sent a thrill of sorrow to our heart. It read:

SWEET HOME, March 14, 1859.

"*My Dear, Dear Brother:* I can scarcely believe, or realize, that I am again indulging in the privilege of addressing you, with the hope of being heard or understood. And tremblingly I ask that you, my much-loved brother, the guide of my infant footsteps, the long-lost friend of my childhood, will allow a renewed correspondence to open between you and your good old home. Oh! how our hearts have ached for a word from your pen! Years have passed away since your last letter reached us—years that seem to be a lifetime. I have grieved, but never despaired, for I have prayed to the Father that he would restore you to the paths of rectitude. But if He has not already, you will say, 'Ah, me! He will never save me!' But I say, faithfully, He will. O, brother, will you not be saved? God sees your heart while you read these words. He knows if there is a secret wish there to be a better man; if there be but the bud of a resolution, He knows. Hear Him say: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all things shall be added thereunto.' Jesus will will raise your head and make you a new man. Go to Him, O, my brother!

"Will you not write a few words to your own home? It may indeed be a bitter task, but may it not prove a blessing? Do try to overcome every obstacle; look down deep into your heart and see if there is not a wish to remember your sister. Please do write, dear brother, and I will then tell you so many things that will interest you. HARRIET BARTER.

"To Richard A. Barter."

What grief must have filled the heart of that devoted sister when she learned the tragic circumstances of her brother's death—shot down as an outlaw while defying the officers, in the mountains of California! And yet "Rattlesnake Dick" was but one out of the thousands of young men who abandoned their homes and relatives to join in the wild scramble for wealth on the golden shores of the Pacific, and whose careers were no more commendable nor their deaths less tragic or sad than his. But the race of "Rattlesnake Dicks" is running out. California has few of them outside her prisons, and only stragglers are to be found here and there among the outposts of civilization in the Territories. They can well be spared, except, perhaps, by loving and devoted mothers or sisters, who remember them only as bright, promising sons and tender, affectionate brothers.

......Horace Greeley was working his passage slowly across the plains, with his eye bent on the Pacific slope. A correspondent of a Boston paper, who traveled with him, wrote many curious and amusing incidents of the trip. Almost every emigrant train they met contained some one who recognized Greeley, and the emigrants flocked around and scrutinized him as if he were the seventh wonder of the world. One day, on the outskirts of a crowd, a rather stolid-looking man asked of the correspondent:

"Stranger, is that John Greeley those fellows are talking so much about?"

"No, sir; that's Horace."

"Horace—Horace Greeley—who is he?"

"Editor of the *Tribune*."

"*Which?*"

"Editor of the New York *Tribune.*"

"What's that?"

"A newspaper published in New York."

"No! I never hearn tell of it before."

"My friend," asked the correspondent, "where were you raised?"

"In Missouri."

......The recent hit made by Harry Courtaine at the Madison-square Theater in New York recalls his eventful career on the Pacific coast in early days. On the 17th of July, 1859, his wife sued him for divorce in San Francisco on the ground of habitual intemperance and failure to provide. Courtaine then, and for fifteen years afterward, alternated between the jail, the gutter, the Home of the Inebriates and the stage. He had genius as an actor, but was long ago given up as a hopeless case. Of late years, however, Harry has braced up, and though no longer young he has again attained a high place on the roll of leading actors.

......At a public meeting held in Savannah, Georgia, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That African slavery is morally and legally right: that it has been a blessing to both races; that on the score of religion, morality and interest, it is the duty of the Southern people to import as many slaves direct from Africa as convenient.

Resolved, That the laws of the General Government prohibiting the importation of slaves from Africa * * * * * Are a foul blot on the most cherished institution of the South, and ought to be repealed.

......R. O. Cravens, now of this city, presided at a meeting at Forest Hill, Placer county, addressed by United States Senator Gwin, Calhoun, Benham and others. Gwin devoted his remarks almost entirely to Senator Broderick, on whom he made a bitter onslaught, charging him with falsehood, ignorance and deceit.

......At Grass Valley, on the following evening, Broderick replied to Gwin, literally "roasting" that statesman in his vigorous style.

......Lady Woodruff, George N. Patchen and Brown Dick trotted over Union Course, Long Island, on June 21, 1859. The first heat, in 2:30½, was a dead one between Dick and the Lady. Dick won the second in 2:32½, Patchen the third in 2:29¼, and Lady Woodruff the three following in 2:30¾—2:31¼—2:31.

......The buffalo, now entirely exterminated, were so thick on the western prairies thirty years ago that emigrants had great difficulty in saving themselves from being run down by the great herds, especially during the night.

......There are yet living among us many members of the Young America Engine Company, who took part in the long run to the American river bridge on the morning of July 19, 1859, when the barn of a Mr. Cragin was burned. All the old volunteer companies started for the fire, but Young America was the only one that made the trip.

......Sam Wells and Frank Hussey's minstrel troupe was playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at the Metropolitan Theater. George Ryer played the character of Uncle Tom, and Madame Celeste that of Topsy.

......The UNION gave an account of a ludicrous set-to between "Old Mose," the octogenerian bootblack, who died some years ago, and another sable-colored individual, in front of Winter's barber-shop on K street. A heated discussion had lead to a banter to fight, and at it they went, heads being the only weapons used. They stepped several paces and came together with a rush. The battle lasted for three rounds. Crash came the woolly heads together, and down went Mose's antagonist. The fight was witnessed by a large crowd of sports, and "Mose" owned the lower part of town for the rest of the day.

......A singular accident happened to Eugene, the then 12-year-old son of Dr. I. E. Oatman. He was playing with some boys at White's N-street school, and having caught one of them in a chase it became the latter's turn to play "horse." He got down on all fours, and Oatman mounted his back. The "bronco" bucked so hard that the vaquero was thrown to the ground and fatally struck his elbow, fracturing the internal condyle of the right humerus. The bones were driven through the skin, causing a painful wound.

......The impression has prevailed of late years that the expression "plan of campaign" was of recent coinage and by the Irish National Land League. But we find in the SACRAMENTO UNION's editorial, on July 14, 1859, a review of the great battle of Magenta, then just fought between the Austrians and French, the statement that the Austrians had "changed their plan of campaign under General Hess," etc.

......A love note, written by some victim of Cupid's dart to his inamorata, was picked up on J street, in this city, and given to a newspaper reporter. It read as follows: "Deer L——: I send you bi the boy a buckett of flours. They is like my Love for you. The nite Shaid menes Kepe'dark. The dog Fenel menes i Am ure Slave. rosi's Red and poses Pail—my luv for you Shall never fale." If the author of that letter still lives in this community he will no doubt recognize "his fine Italian hand."

......Cornelius Cole (afterward United States Senator) called to order a Republican meeting in Sacramento, which was addressed by Leland Stanford and Colonel E. D. Baker. Charles Crocker presided, and among the Vice-Presidents were W. R. Strong, E. Holmes, John M. Rhodes, Robert Carson, E. B. Cooley and J. D. Lord.

......General Maurice McMahon was created Marshal of the French army, with the title "Duke of Magenta," for his conspicuous bravery at the great battle of Magenta. The city of Paris was illuminated in honor of the great victory of the French army.

......A little item of news then sent from London reads very much like a telegram that might be sent any of these days. It was: "Queen Victoria's speech was delivered in Parliament June 7th. It contained nothing very important."

......The New York *Herald* contained a column account of "the great trotting match between Flora Temple and Princess." The race was for $5,000, three mile heats. Flora Temple was driven by J. McMann and Princess by Jim Eoff. Princess won the first heat by several lengths, in 7:54, and the second by half a length, in 7:59½.

......On July 15th a jury in Judge McKune's Court convicted Philip Smith of murder in the second degree for killing Thomas J. Rice at Michigan Bar.

DESTRUCTIVE FLAMES.

Several Third-street Buildings Left a Mass of Ruins.

A fire broke out in the rear of the Chinese laundry, on Third street, near J, at about 5 o'clock yesterday morning, and was making great headway when an alarm was turned in. P. Haggerty's saloon adjoins the laundry, and, being separated from it only by a thin wooden partition, it was soon wrapped in flames too. By the time the fire department arrived, the upper story of the building had caught fire, and the whole was one roaring and seething mass of flames, upon which the streams had little or no effect.

A general alarm was then turned in, bringing the entire department into requisition.

The buildings on each side of the burning one quickly caught fire, and were soon in as hopeless a condition as it. The cigar store of Julius Steinhart, adjoining Haggerty's saloon on the south, was the first of these to go. Mr. Steinhart and his wife and child were asleep at the time the alarm was sounded, and all three had a very narrow escape. As it was, Mr. Steinhart received a severe burn on his head, and Mrs. Steinhart had one of her hands burned.

Henry Garbe's tailoring shop, on the north of the laundry, was gutted, and the owner barely escaped with his life.

The saloon kept by Fred Wager, on the corner of the alley, south of the cigar store, was badly scorched and considerably damaged by water.

John M. Jackson, an old man who was for years shipping clerk for A. A. Van Voorhies & Co., was, when the fire was at its height, discovered in the upper story of the building which first took fire. The firemen put their ladders up, and after considerably difficulty, rescued the old man from his perilous position. But he was more dead than alive, and presented an awful appearance. His hair and beard were completely burned off, and the upper portion of his body fearfully burned. His injuries are such that it is doubtful if he will ever recover.

The building on the corner of the alley is the property of Dr. G. J. Phelan, of San Francisco. The loss is probably $300; insured for $600 in the Queen. Fred. Wager, who keeps a saloon in the building, had no insurance on his stock, but his loss was small.

The next building belongs to the estate A. Nessel, and is badly damaged. The loss is said to be covered by insurance in a German company.

The stock and furniture of Julius Steinhart was almost a total loss, and he had no insurance.

The next building was the one in which the fire was discovered, and belongs to the Marguerite Home. The building is a total loss. There was an insurance of $2,000 on the building—$1,000 in the Firemen's Fund and $1,000 in the Liverpool, London & Globe. The upper story was used as a lodging-house and the proprietress and roomers lost nearly all of their belongings.

Adjoining is the building of Henry Garbe, the tailor. His loss amounts to several hundred dollars, and is covered by insurance in a German company.

This conflagration demonstrated once more the necessity of getting the new ordinance, which is to do away with awnings in front of buildings, into effect as soon as possible. Had it not been for these treacherous contrivances yesterday morning's fire would never have escaped further than the building in which it originated, and it is even possible that much of this building would have been saved, too. As it was, however, the flames crept along the awnings with great rapidity and persistency and communicated with the other buildings. While the firemen were directing their attention to these, the main building suffered.

Last night a fresh blaze broke out among the smoldering ruins, but was suppressed before it gained any headway.

SHOT IN THE ARM.

"Butch" Vantine Comes Very Near Giving the Coroner a Job.

About half-past 1 o'clock yesterday morning, as a RECORD-UNION reporter was on his way to his home in the southeastern portion of the city, and when in the vicinity of Eleventh and O streets, the loud report of a pistol was heard in the direction of R street. The reporter hastened toward the place, but on crossing the levee at Eleventh street could discover no indications of trouble in that neighborhood. He proceeded up the levee, however, and when above Twelfth street, saw parties apparently leaving a small cabin over near S street, and moving off in the opposite direction. Soon all was quiet, and the reporter, supposing that the report was the result of mere wantonness on the part of some drunken hoodlum, investigated no further.

Yesterday morning, however, it was learned that the shot meant business, and that "Butch" Vantine—who is becoming obnoxiously prominent in criminal circles, was the object that the party at the butt end of the pistol had in view. It seems that John Caton, who lives between Twelfth and Thirteenth, R and S streets, has been annoyed by Vantine in the past, and claims that the latter had ransacked his house in his absence. Caton was recently arrested for shooting off his pistol about there, but made the defense that he was annoyed by toughs, and only sought to protect himself and his property.

In this instance Caton was in bed and heard somebody trying to get into his cabin. So he turned his "gun" loose in the direction of the door, and somehow winged Vantine. The shot took effect in his arm, above the wrist, and is said to have caused a painful if not serious wound.

The prospect is that Vantine, if he continues in his present course, will soon reach the end of his tether.

City Finances.

Following is a statement of the receipts and disbursements of the City Treasury as shown by the City Auditor's report for the week ending July 20th:

R. W. Parker, cemetery dues	$115 25
V. J. Gregory, water rates	1,486 50
H. L. Buckley, Police Court fines	35 00
George A. Putnam, city taxes	2,448 00
George A. Putnam, dog licenses	100 80
Total	$4,185 55
Total disbursements	$12,045 00
Amount in City Treasury	$239,641 05
APPORTIONED AS FOLLOWS:	
Sinking and Interest Fund	$92,181 55
General Fund	40,261 06
Water Works Fund	744 57
Fire Department Fund	25,095 73
School Fund	32,871 87
Levee Fund	25
Cemetery Fund	874 87
Street Fund	19,492 87
Police Fund	18,713 74
Bond Redemption Fund	47 24
Library Fund	4,680 58
Exhumation Fund	1,455 61
Dog Fund	221 76
Total	$239,641 05

Yesterday's Weather.

The highest and lowest temperatures during the past week were 94°, on Thursday and Friday, and 53°, on Sunday. The highest and lowest for the same date last year were 104° and 56°.

The highest and lowest yesterday were 92° and 55°, and for the same date last year 93° and 60°. The highest and lowest one year ago to-day were 96° and 62°.

"COLONEL" OBRIST.

EXPLOITS OF A MONUMENTAL SWINDLER OF EARLY DAYS.

Mr. Laufkotter Relates Some of His Experiences in St. Louis—Sutter's Santa Fe Expedition.

EDS. SUNDAY UNION: On my arrival in St. Louis, early in the thirties, I was advised through friends whom I had known in the old country to go to the only German hotel in St. Louis, and where the Swiss gentlemen also had their headquarters. Here I had a good opportunity to learn the prior career of John A. Sutter in the old country. After I had all my trunks, chests and boxes stored away and had dressed myself, I took a walk in the city to find others of my old acquaintances. After supper many Germans came to the hotel, some to hear news from the newly-arrived immigrants, some for conversation, and others to join a party at whist. In this I took part myself, as it was then my favorite game. Next morning as I was standing in the door, Sutter introduced himself by inquiring if I would join in starting a colony, as I was young and strong, and had so many implements. I told him I did not know yet; I would look around first, and then taking a drink together, our friendship was made.

The Swiss gentlemen had many occupations, from the learned Professor down to mechanic, but not one of them tried to make use of it. Everyone looked with dislike on every kind of business, almost with aversion. Only two at last made a start, under engagement to the American Fur Company, and left for the Rocky Mountains. Sutter and I joined the German Club, where there was plenty to drink, newspapers, whist-playing and conversation. Most of the members had situations; some were employed in the Land Office, some were doctors, some lawyers, merchants and saloon keepers. Under these circumstances money was spent freely. Everybody made money except a few of us.

Under the circumstances our good sense told us that something had to be done, but the advice volunteered by our friends and the merchants caused only confusion in our minds. At this stage of the situation I fell in with a person who told me about a proposed trading expedition to Santa Fe. This exactly suited me. I wanted to travel, and immediately laid the matter before my friend Sutter, who readily assented to join it. We were at a loss to know how to take hold, however, owing to our inexperience in frontier life, but a third person, named Kanopka, a clerk in a wholesale store, came to our rescue with an expressed desire to join us. But the German business men had no confidence in Sutter, and they induced our new friend and supposed ally to withdraw from the scheme. These Germans knew that Sutter had been a merchant in the old country, and his aversion to engaging in any legitimate business in St. Louis—having his eye constantly on visionary projects of an adventurous character—made them suspicious of him.

At this juncture there appeared on the scene a distinguished-looking personage with a military air. He proved to be an imposter, but before the discovery was made he had managed to live on "the fat of the land" for many months. This individual inspired young Sutter with a longing to cut a figure in the world—to pose as a military man and have the common herd look up to him as a great hero.

This new-comer was of middle age and stalwart, imposing proportions, with a confiding, honest-appearing countenance like Sutter. He represented himself as having just come down the Missouri river from Prairie du Chien, where he claimed to be proprietor of a great hotel, at which all the officers of the Fort stopped. This statement struck the Germans—who knew something about military customs—as being a little odd, but they let it pass, thinking that perhaps it was one of the ways of doing things in America.

The adventurer was full of resources. He represented that his steamboat would soon arrive at St. Louis, to be loaded with goods and supplies, and this statement secured him a solid footing among the German merchants, who were anxious to secure his orders. He also imparted the information that he was formerly a Colonel in the Russian army, and afterward Adjutant to the Crown Prince of Prussia. His military bearing gave credence to his story, and awakened in Sutter the liveliest interest in and admiration for the adventurer. Sutter likewise became one of his numerous creditors. Our military friend honored a first-class German boarding-house keeper with his presence, and—never paid a cent. But he had unlimited credit, and everybody was glad to furnish the great man with everything he needed.

Sutter took great pleasure in securing his enrollment in the German Club as an honorary member. At one of our evening meetings this fraud had the audacity to inform us that he had been in Santa Fe, and related incidents of his residence there. He urged Sutter and myself to carry out our proposed scheme of a trading expedition to that place, which—as it afterward turned out—he had never seen.

At one of these club meetings he invited all of the members who could provide themselves with horses to join him on a ride to the Prairie House, some distance outside the city, where he would open a hundred bottles of champagne. He did not mind the expense at all—he was rich, and before taking his departure for the far Northwest he desired to do the handsome thing for his German friends in St. Louis, who had shown him, a stranger, such uniform kindness and received him with open arms.

Most of the members accepted the princely invitation, and on the following day, under the leadership of "the Colonel" (Herr Obrist), the cavalcade moved out to the Prairie House. Here the Colonel, with a pompous air, ordered all the champagne we could drink, and before the crowd left they had "cleaned out" the proprietor's supply. When we were ready to depart the Colonel told the proprietor to send his bill to him at the —— Hotel, and he would send him the money. The poor hotel man had not a word of protest to offer. He was proud of the distinction shown him by the visit of so many prominent merchants, and the wealthy gentleman from the far North, that if the latter had ordered everything in the house he would have been only too happy to have complied.

And so it went on from day to day. The Colonel's clothes were getting a little shabby, but he had no difficulty in procuring a new suit at the leading tailoring establishment, as there were always plenty of responsible persons to go his security for whatever he required, pending the arrival of his steamboat and money.

Money was getting short with me, and as the Santa Fe expedition had not made any progress, I decided to strike out. I took a partner, and we went first to Belleville; but this little town did not suit us, so we went to Peoria, Ill. The location was inviting, but the town comprised only a couple of dozen shanties, and we returned to St. Louis. As the Santa Fe expedition was still *in statu quo,* we concluded to try St. Charles, where my friend Sutter had already made his home, and here we established ourselves in business.

This was in the month of February. Soon "the Colonel" made his appearance among us with a fine sleigh and a slashing pair of horses. He did not stop in St. Charles, but with a Creole family near by. These people were poor, and the Colonel represented that they were distant relatives of his, but because of their poverty he did not want to ignore them. There were but a few German farmers in the county, and as they had arranged for a ball we concluded to take part in the frolic, our first in America. We informed the Colonel, and he invited us to seats in his handsome sleigh. We went to the ball, danced a little, and returned early. (A son of the farmer at whose log-house the ball was held is now a resident of Dixon, Solano county.) Some days after the ball word came from a St. Louis livery-stable keeper to the Colonel to return the team and sleigh, and the fellow had sense enough to obey the order. He returned to St. Louis and visited the Prairie House—the scene of his champagne exploit—got drunk, had a fight and got unmercifully whipped.

Here the mask fell from the imposter's face, and he was seen in his true character. The man with whom he had boarded caused his arrest, and after a brief imprisonment he was turned loose to prey upon some other community. I have been thus particular in detailing the incidents of this man's career in and about St. Louis because it was his operations that put into Sutter's head the idea of assuming a military title and living off the people by a shrewd and cunning employment of his wits.

With the pricking of this bubble came an end to the good times that Sutter had been enjoying. His "friend and fellow pitcher" had run his bold but brief career, and something had to be done. I was all right; I had started in busines and was doing very well, but Sutter could not accommodate himself to the humdrum of a mercantile life. He had indulged in wild dreams of adventure and wanted to strike out. Still, he managed to live a tolerably pleasant sort of life. He visited me daily, and—got all his drinks for nothing. The Santa Fe expedition was now assuming shape, and was expected to soon start. I suggested to Sutter that he had better carry out his first intentions, with which he agreed. From the Creoles before alluded to I gained the information that there were several Frenchmen in St. Louis who annually visited Santa Fe on trading expeditions and had become wealthy.

This was encouraging news, so I went at once to Sutter and informed him of it. At once a load was lifted from his heart. I urged him to hasten and see these parties and hurry back, as it was time for him to be on his journey. The next morning he called at my place of business and took a good stiff "horn" to enable him to keep up his courage, and left in good spirits. The next day he returned smiling, and while emptying a bottle of wine related to me the result of his visit, the courteous reception he met with, the good advice given him, etc., and last, but not least with him, that he could go with them and join their mess without expense. He went again to St. Louis, and bought some pistols and German students' jackets for the Santa Fe market, which were forwarded to Independence with the Frenchmen's goods, as they were ready to start on their annual trip.

Before he departed it was agreed that he should keep me apprised of his success, and that I would let all our German friends know of it, so that on his return we might form a German company for the next expedition. In order to save expenses on the road I gave him some supplies, including several bottles of whisky. During his absence many young men applied to me for permission to join the next expedition. I was doing a good business, and they had confidence in my judgment.

About the last of September Sutter returned with five mules and a three-gallon keg of El Paso wine. The mules he placed on the farm of a comely German widow, but whether he ever realized anything from them, or whether the widow kept them for the cost of the pasturage, I never learned. But Sutter and his friends soon got away with the El Paso wine. He gave a glowing but peculiar account of his trip, but had no real information to give concerning Santa Fe and the condition of business there. All he would say was that every member of the expedition would make an independent fortune.

The winter passed away pleasantly, and Sutter paid me daily visits. Everybody gathered about my store to hear Sutter talk of the prospects of the coming expedition. They were mostly young men with money, and this fact so deeply impressed Sutter that he was profuse in his assurances of the fortunes they would surely realize.

Here my recital of the events of that year in St. Louis, so far as Sutter was concerned, must close. If I were to go into the details of that Santa Fe expedition—which was one of the worst swindles ever perpetrated upon innocent and confiding immigrants—I might shatter some of the idols that a few people have erected for the purpose of blindly adoring them, so I will let the curtain fall at this point. We have heard here in California of "Captain" Sutter, "Colonel" Sutter and even of "General" Sutter. I think I have sufficiently explained the circumstances that inspired the idea in Sutter of assuming a military title.

J. A. LAUFKOTTER.

DISSATISFIED TAXPAYERS.

Last Day's Work of the County Board of Equalization.

The following applications for reduced assessments were filed with the County Board of Equalization yesterday:

By Cornelia Joseph—On the north 28 feet of the south 140 feet of the east 40 feet and the north 70 feet of the south 140 feet of the east half of the west half of lot 5, J and K, Fifth and Sixth streets. (The property had by mistake been assessed at $14,000, instead of $5,000, as explained by Deputy Assessor McManus.)

The application of John Stuber for a reduction from $125 to $50 per acre on land adjoining the northeastern limits of the city, was considered, and a reduction made to $75.

Considerable testimony was taken on the application of Joseph Wise for a reduction of his assessment of $80 an acre on 304 acres in Swamp Land Surveys 763 and 776. He wanted the land segregated into 10 acres of alfalfa land at $80 an acre, 20 acres of orchard at $150, and 274 acres of tule at $50, reducing from $24,320 to $17,500. The matter was taken under advisement.

The application for a reduction from $22,960 to $15,910 on 286 acres in Swamp Land Districts 795 and 796, belonging to the estate of J. W. Sharp, was also taken under advisement.

John Bruner asked that the $17,500 assessment on his Russ House property on J street, between Tenth and Eleventh, be reduced to $12,500. Also, that his personal property assessment be reduced from $20,675 to $15 675 This latter sum, he said, was all the furniture in his store would bring at forced sale. The matter was taken under advisement.

The order to Mrs. R. Kerchival, to show cause why 334 acres on Grand Island assessed to her should not be raised above $60, was vacated, the parties who had complained of the insufficiency of her assessment not having appeared.

L. B. Berck asked for a reduction on lot 6, J, K, Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, from $5,100 to $4,000.

Michael Umberg wanted the assessment of $150 per acre on his eleven and a half acres adjoining Burns slough reduced to $125 per acre.

While this application was being discussed, Supervisor Greer remarked that one acre of river bottom land was worth about forty of such land as Umberg's, and yet the owners wanted it reduced from $80 to $60, while Umberg was satisfied with $125. He said further that he would give $300 an acre for Sacramento river orchard land.

S. Dwyer asked that the assessment of $15,000 on his improvements on lots 5, 6, 7 and 8, J and K, Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, be reduced to $11,000, and on lot 4, same block, from $3,150 to $2,400. Also that the assessment on his eighty-three acres in Swamp Land District 161 be reduced from $500 to $250.

A. J. Peck owns 255 acres in Swamp Land Survey 155, assessed at $60 an acre, which he wanted reduced to $50, and seventy-one acres, assessed at $50, which he wanted reduced to $35. His land, he said, was not for sale at all.

Applications were made by C. W. Clarke for reductions on 857 acres on Tyler Island from $70 to $50 per acre, and on 430 acres on Grand Island from $4 to $1 per acre.

Deputy Assessor McManus stated that other land of similar description was assessed at $4 per acre, and that the poorest in the county was assessed at $1 25.

Frank McKeever asked for a reduction on lot 2, I and J, Eleventh and Twelfth streets, from $3,200 to $3 000, and on improvements from $850 to $500.

W. S. Kuhnle wanted his assessment of $6,000 on lot 2, K and L, Eleventh and Twelfth streets, reduced from $6,000 to $5,000, and on improvements from $2,200 to $1,700.

The latter reduction was allowed.

The application of Mary R. Foster for a reduction from $100 to $40 on lots 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, in block 39, town of Folsom, for the remission of $50 assessed on improvements, was granted.

H. S. Bundock owns lots 5, 6, 7 and 8, M, N, Thirtieth and Thirty-first streets, assessed for $1,650, which he wanted reduced to $1,400, and on the improvements from $1,500 to $600.

Ella A. Folger asked for a reduction on the improvements on lots 17 and 18, in Florin, from $500 to $250.

W. E. Jacobs' improvements on the east half of lot 5, J, K, Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, were assessed $5,000, which he wanted reduced to $4,000, and the improvements on lot 8 from $4,800 to $4,000.

Michael Fay asked for a reduction from $6,000 to $—— on the west sixty feet of lot 2, K, L, Eleventh and Twelfth streets, and on improvements from $3,000 to $2,000. The latter was granted.

A. & A. Heilborn asked that the assessment of $8,000 on the improvements on the west half of lot 6, I, J, Second and Third streets be reduced to $6,000.

Wm. Hardwick wants his assessment on property in the block between M, N, Third and Fourth streets reduced, and on improvements from $5,150 to $4,150.

M. R. Thisby asked for a reduction from $80 to $60 per acre on 352 acres of reclaimed swamp land.

The Board, at a late hour in the evening, adjourned *sine die,* and as the minutes show no other action on the several applications than that noted, the presumption is that the same were denied.

Railroad Tax Cases.

Attorney-General Johnson has filed his briefs in the railroad tax cases now pending in the Supreme Court, which were decided adversely to the State by Judge Levy, of the Superior Court of San Francisco.

THE USUAL RESULT.

SACRAMENTO DROPS ANOTHER GAME TO SAN FRANCISCO.

The Home Club Plays a Strong Game, but the Leaders Beat Them by One Run.

The contest at Snowflake Park yesterday afternoon between the Sacramentos and San Franciscos was one of the most exciting yet played here, and it was anybody's game up to the ninth inning. The attendance was perceptibly smaller than usual, and those who did not attend missed a treat. One side would make a run and then the other would do likewise, and in this way the contest was kept pretty even during the entire game. The Sacramentos lost the game, as they could not make a respectable showing in the batting line against Meegan. Then, again, McLaughlin's two passed balls and Burke's wild throws were very disastrous. On the other hand, the visitors touched up Burke in an effective manner—so much so that they finished the game with ten base-hits to their credit.

Meegan pitched excellent ball, retiring his opponents at critical stages of the game, when an ordinary hit meant runs added to the Sacramentos' score. This was particularly the case in the eighth inning. Veach came to the bat, and was out on a ground ball hit to Powers. Gagus lined out a hit, and Burke followed suit. This made two men on bases—Gagus on third and Burke on second. Newbert was the next batter, and a hit meant two runs, but he went out on a pop-fly to Donohue. Roberts got his base on balls, and this made three men on bases, with O'Day to the bat. Almost everyone was praying for O'Day to "save his country," but Harry could only send a teaser to Shea, who quickly threw him out at first, and the once brilliant prospect for a run or two faded in the distance.

Shea was the most effective one of the visitors in the batting. Three base-hits out of five times to the bat is pretty good work, and if he can keep this up he will soon be among the leading batters in the League.

Thompson, at short, played a poor game, both at the bat and in the field. As a substitute for Hanley, he may do as well in fielding the position, but the loss of Hanley's batting is seriously felt.

Powers played his position at first in "Comisky" style. He took in everything—sky-balls, high throws and ground-scrapers—in his usual energetic manner. Swett did the back-stop work as he always does, but for a wonder he actually did miss an easy pop fly, and Captain Powers was awe-stricken, as was Swett himself.

Goodenough opened the game brilliantly for the Sacramentos by driving out a home-run. Three balls had been called on him, but he chose rather to hit the sphere than take his base on balls. He did hit it with a vengeance, and the ball was sent spinning away out to the back fence in the left field, the batter easily making the circuit of the bases.

McSorley, O'Day, Newbert and Veach guarded the infield in an effective manner. McSorley got five of the eight assists.

Gagus' voice could be heard away out in right field whenever there was a protest coming. None of the opposing team could say anything without the Sacramento Captain having the last word. Outside of this he and Burke got four out of the six hits made by the home club.

Goodenough made some brilliant catches in center field, and Roberts took charge of one high-roller that came his way.

Sylvester tried his luck at umpiring, and it was shameful to witness the treatment he received at the hands of the spectators. He threatened to "throw out" one boisterous crank, but this only served to increase the gibbing of the crowd. In truth, his umpiring was rank at the start, but he evened-up things pretty well before the game was over. Following is the score:

SACRAMENTO.	T.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Goodenough, c. f.	4	1	1	0	4	0	0
McSorley, 3d b.	5	0	0	0	0	5	0
Veach, 1st b.	3	1	0	0	9	0	1
Gagus, r. f.	4	1	2	0	0	0	0
Burke, p.	4	1	2	1	1	0	0
Newbert, s.s.	4	0	0	0	1	2	0
Roberts, l. f.	2	1	0	0	1	0	0
O'Day, 2d b.	4	0	1	1	3	1	1
McLaughlin, c.	4	0	0	0	5	1	0
Totals	34	5	6	2	24	9	2

SAN FRANCISCO.	T.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Shea, 3d b.	5	2	3	0	2	2	0
Donahue, 2d b.	5	0	0	1	1	3	1
Levy, l. f.	5	0	1	0	0	0	0
Stockwell, r. f.	4	1	2	0	2	0	0
Perrier, c. f.	4	1	2	1	2	0	1
Powers, 1st b.	3	1	1	0	11	9	0
Thompson, s. s.	4	0	1	1	3	2	1
Swett, c.	4	0	0	1	5	0	1
Meegan, p.	1	1	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	35	6	10	4	27	9	4

Runs by innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Sacramento	1	1	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	—5
San Franciscos	1	2	0	0	1	0	2	0	*	—6

Earned runs—Sacramentos, 3; San Franciscos, 2. Home run—Goodenough. Two-base-hit—Burke, Gagus, Stockwell, Perrier. First base on errors—Sacramentos, 2; San Franciscos, 1. First base on balls—Sacramentos, 3; San Franciscos, 3. Struck out—By Burke, 5; Meegan, 4. Left on bases—Sacramentos, 6; San Franciscos, 8. Hit by pitcher—Powers. Passed balls—McLaughlin (2). Wild pitches—Burke (2). Bases stolen—Goodenough, Shea (2), Perrier, Powers, Thompson. Umpire—Sylvester. Scorer—M. Devine. Time—1 hour and 50 minutes.

A HAYSEED VICTORY.

Stockton Holds the Oaklands Down in an Interesting Game.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20th.—Fudger was again in the box to-day against his former fellow-players, and they could only size him up for two hits. The Oaklands played a poor fielding game, most of the runs in the second inning being due to Hardie's wild throwing to second base. Huey Smith was on first for the Stocktons, Sweeny's hand being sore from a recent spiking, and he saved the game for the Stocktons, capturing a hit that seemed good for doubles when men were on bases.

The surprise of the day was Fudger's batting. Jack Hayes played left for the Oaklands. Smith did not do well at first, the throwing of Stickney and Whitehead being too hot for him to handle comfortably. Over 4,000 people attended the game. Following is the score:

OAKLAND.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Long, c. f.	5	1	0	0	1	0	0
Hardie, c.	5	1	1	0	4	1	2
Dailey, r. f.	5	1	1	0	2	0	1
Dooley, 1st b.	2	0	0	0	9	0	1
McDonald, 2d b.	4	0	0	0	5	4	1
Wilson, s. s.	4	0	0	0	1	3	0
Hayes, l. f.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
O'Neil, 3d b.	3	0	0	0	1	3	3
Coughlan, p.	4	2	2	0	1	0	0
Totals	37	5	4	0	24	11	8

STOCKTON.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Howard, 2d b.	4	0	0	0	4	4	0
Sweeney, r. f.	4	1	0	0	4	1	0
Stickney, 3d b.	4	1	2	0	2	3	0
Smith, 1st b.	4	0	0	1	10	0	2
Ebright, c.	4	2	0	0	0	1	0
Whitehead, s. s.	3	2	2	0	3	7	2
Buckley, c. f.	3	0	1	0	3	0	0
Selna, l. f.	3	1	0	0	1	0	2
Fudger, p.	3	2	2	0	0	1	2
Totals	32	9	7	1	27	17	8

Runs by innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Oaklands	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	—5
Stockton	0	4	0	1	1	0	0	3	*	—9

Earned runs—Oakland, 1; Stockton, 1. Three-base hits—Fudger. Two base hits—Fudger, Buckley, Coughlan, Dailey. Stolen bases—Whitehead (3), Ebright, Buckley. First base on errors—Oakland, 8; Stockton, 3. First base on called balls—Oakland, 3; Stockton, 2. Left on bases—Oakland, 8; Stockton, 2. Struck out—By Coughlan, 3. Hit by pitcher—Buckley. Double plays—Whitehead, Howard and Smith, Dooley and O'Neil Sweeny and Smith. Passed balls—Hardie 1, Ebright 1. Time of game—One hour and 45 minutes. Umpire—Sheridan. Scorer—Wallace.

Standing of the Clubs.

CLUBS.	Oakland	Sacramento	San Francisco	Stockton	Games won	Games played	Percentage
Oakland	......	11	3	8	22	45	.488
Sacramento	5	......	4	8	17	44	.386
San Francisco	10	11	.....	8	29	44	.658
Stockton	8	5	8	......	21	45	.466
Games Lost	23	27	15	24	89		

Baseball Notes.

Before the commencement of the game yesterday, Captain Powers wanted the umpire to put the policemen outside the catcher's lines, and there was a sharp wrangle over the matter. Sylvester ruled as Powers claimed, and the officers left the grounds disgusted at being so shamefully treated. Manager Lang demanded protection, but the umpire would not listen to him. The supposed reason for the order was the absurd one that there was danger of the officers coaching players in regard to the pitcher's curves.

The Alleged Detective.

Officer Arlington yesterday brought over from Stockton Martin Gleason, the person charged with having robbed a man in this city of $275 not long ago while personating an officer. He was identified as the person wanted. Gleason had in his possession $206 when arrested. He got into trouble in Stockton for assaulting some woman. The officers here feel certain that the case against him is a strong one.

TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

Rivalry Among Our Neighbors Waxing Warm.

An amusing little warfare is going on among several of the northern towns regarding their respective climatic advantages and disadvantages. First, Red Bluff, Chico, Redding, or Marysville will boldly announce that it, and it alone, is the paradise of the northern citrus belt; that its thermometer is a most truthful one, and never allows the temperature to get too warm, to be other than delightfully pleasant to its inhabitants. Then the other three pick this up, rend it into fragments, ridicule it, and chew it to their heart's content, until a new subject bobs up from another quarter and detracts them.

The Red Bluff *News* recently dilated as follows:

"Fishing and boating on the river are getting to be very fashionable pastimes these pleasant days. The nights are a little cool yet for the purpose, but are enjoyable with overcoats and light shawls."

This looks innocent enough, but, whew! how the others jumped on it! A Chico paper first grabbed it, ridiculed it, referred to it as a "corker," and then taking it up seriously masticated the item in the following manner: "This statement must sound very curious to people who live outside of Red Bluff. During the past summer the Signal Service reports have placed Red Bluff as one of the hottest places in the State, and the heat has been so intense there through the daytime that on several occasions people visiting the place have actually believed that they had died and were living in Sheol. Now, if the nights are so extremely cold as to necessitate an overcoat, Red Bluff is certainly a wonderful place. A regular Sheol during the day and a North Pole during the night. Strangers do not need to rely upon outsiders to show up Red Bluff. Just give the papers of that town a chance, and they will hang it high and dry of population, and then not half tell the truth about the extremes."

All the other towns took a whack at the item, too, and some of them are not through with it yet. So the battle wages.

DIDN'T PHAZE THEM.

A Saloon-Keeper Wastes Lots of Good Water on the Salvation Army.

Some weeks ago a detachment of the Salvation Army of this city left for Placerville, where they intrenched themselves on Main street, proclaimed "salvation was free," and commenced a vigorous onslaught on Satan. The Army has since dwindled down to one man and a woman, but they make lots of noise, and have caused no little excitement. At their first appearance the hoodlums and small boys "sat upon" them, but they were soon squelched, and the noisy Christians were allowed to proceed with their peculiar style of war against sin. The small boy had missed his circus, and gave up his fun reluctantly. He rejoiceth now, for the business men of the town, particularly the thirty who keep saloons, are getting very tired of the daily and nightly open-air concerts in front of their places of business. They have gone back on their fight against the hoodlum element, and say that of the two evils they choose the least. They have boycotted the *War Cry*, and have refused to consent to the holding of worship in front of their saloons.

On Tuesday afternoon the Army marched in front of Matt. Morgan's saloon, on Main street, and opened service. Matt. "read the riot act," so to say, but it had as little effect upon the Army as the Army's appeals to flee from the wrath to come had upon the bystanders. When Morgan found they wouldn't desist he resorted to his fire-hose, and turning on the fire-plug he threw a heavy stream of water upon the Army. It disturbed the latter but little. They turned their backs to the saloon-keeper, and dropping upon their knees commenced praying for him. The latter kept the stream playing upon the Army, and seeing that they would rather drown than give an inch he desisted. As he put away the hose he said: "They are loaded for bear, sure. I admire their pluck, if I don't their singing." Since then Matt. is a regular purchaser of the *War Cry*, and service is held in front of his saloon daily at 4 P. M.

Complimenting Our Mayor.

The Folsom *Telegraph* speaks in the following complimentary language of Sacramento's Mayor:

"If appearances are any indication it looks very much as if Sacramento county will furnish the next Governor of California, and that Eugene Gregory will be the man. Of late his name has been frequently spoken of in connection with that office. Mr. Gregory is one of the most successful business men of Sacramento, and is very popular with all classes. He is at present Mayor of Sacramento, and has filled that position with better satisfaction to the public than any one ever did before. He is in every way qualified for it, and would fill it with credit. Generous to a fault, honest as the sun, a gentleman of ability, and popular with all, Eugene Gregory would be a candidate that would have to be opposed by a man of exceptionally good material for any show to be made against him."

Judging Horses and Cattle.

Says "Grim" in the *Breeder and Sportsman:* "The State Agricultural Society has adopted a scale of points by which horses shall be judged; singular to say, it has omitted that provision in the rule which has heretofore required cattle to be judged by a similar standard. We were under the impression that there were in this State more competent judges of horses than of fine cattle. At least, we know that if we were going to judge cattle, we should want some other fellow to measure and weigh them, and even then to tell us which one to award the premium to, and yet we are credibly informed that we would not much discredit the judges who usually pass on cattle at our fairs."

This Time It Was the Dog.

Mr. and Mrs. Haus live in the neighborhood of Seventh and R streets, and Mr. and Mrs. Dooley are next door neighbors. The former keeps a dog, and the latter keeps a back-yard. The Haus dog invades the back-yard of the Dooley mansion, and gets pelted out of it. Mr. Haus sometimes resents these insults to his canine pet, and this has caused a war between the two families. It has slumbered for some time, but yesterday it broke out afresh, and assumed dangerous proportions. There are charges made of hatchet-throwing and knife-drawing, and each side has had the other arrested. The dog is in blissful ignorance of the rumpus he has caused.

Principal and Teacher.

Attorney-General Johnson on yesterday rendered the following opinion to J. S. Murray, Clerk of the Eureka School District:

Replying to yours of the 9th inst., I have to say that if your Trustees propose to make a Principal or Superintendent of one of your teachers, still, in order that such person may draw State school money he or she must be a teacher, whose duties are defined in Section 1696 of the Political Code. It seems there might be a Principal in such a case. The seventh subdivision of the above section provides that the Principal might still be a teacher, but charged with additional duties.

Pardon for Oscar Green.

Strenuous efforts are being made to obtain a pardon for young Oscar Green, who, in January last was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment in Folsom for "rolling a drunk," and relieving him of $1 75. A petition from Kansas City, signed by a large number of persons in that city, who vouch for Green's previous good character, has been received by Chief of Police Lee. The latter informed the Kansas City people how to proceed in the matter, and they, headed by Green's mother, will now lay the matter before the Governor.

Another Burglary.

The shop of J. H. Moon, the architect and builder, located on Ninth street, between I and J, was entered by burglars Friday night, and his safe, as a result, was found to contain over $500 less yesterday morning than it did when Mr. Moon left it Friday evening. The safe was not drilled or blown open. It was either opened by some one who knew the combination, or else Mr. Moon forgot to lock it. The police are investigating the matter, but as yet have discovered no clue.

THE country is flooded with poor imitations o the famous "Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut." *

THE CAPITAL CITY.

AN EASTERN VISITOR'S IMPRESSIONS OF SACRAMENTO.

The City of Homes and Flowers—Her Libraries and the Museum of Art—A Wilderness of Roses.

The following letter, written from this city to the Fort Wayne, Ind., *News* by Miss Florence E. Beaver, is interesting, as showing how a new-comer was impressed with what she saw in our city:

I am desirous to tell you of our visit to San Francisco, but must first give you a short sketch of our present headquarters—Sacramento. The City of Roses is situated, as you know, in a deep, broad valley, watered by the swift courses of the American and Sacramento rivers, both accessible for trade and travel to the city. All the lots are filled and leveled into rolling, green lawns. The broad, level streets are shaded with beautiful trees, and all the sidewalks will soon be of broad, level stone. Such a wilderness of roses! Gracing in profusion each neat little cottage, decking in festal wreaths the terraced lawns, and climbing the loftier balconies of statelier houses. Roses everywhere! Of every tint, from the snowy, bridal rose to deep, rich crimson and golden yellow; rarest tea-roses, such as flourish in our green-houses at home. Here the Oriental palm trees cast their queer shadows upon the smooth, green lawns of almost every home. Here are the magnolias, with their large, snowy blossoms, and endless exotic trees and shrubs. There are

MANY BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

In the Capital City. One thing that strikes us as peculiar, is that the balconies are all on the second story, with long, outside steps to reach them. The main entrance is nearly always a story above the ground. The effect is unique and pretty. The reason is this, that during the rainy season it is more healthful to be a story above ground, and the people have a traditionary fear of a flood which happened long ago; but is now prevented by powerful levees. Sacramento has, indeed, many places of attraction. Among them the Capitol, Art Galleries, Libraries and Marguerite Home. The Capitol is a beautiful piece of architure, of white stone and iron, closely resembling the Capitol at Washington. Passing the columned entrance, we enter a cool recess, beautifully frescoed, in the center of which a statue of Columbus before Queen Isabella, consisting of the Queen and her Page and Columbus kneeling before her with a globe in his hand. This is the work of Meade, while in Florence, Italy, and is exceptionally fine.

THE CAPITOL BUILDING

Contains the various rooms of the officers of the State; the beautiful green Assembly hall, gracefully frescoed and adorned in peristyle, the capital and entablature of the columns wrought in elegant designs and gilded; the red Senate hall adorned in like manner, and the printing department. The halls are frescoed and hung with rich paintings. Ascending a whirl of winding stairs, one reaches the dome, from which the beautiful grounds of the Capitol spread out like a picture below; the terraced lawns, gracefully arranged in parterres, with showers of rainbow-tinted blossoms, and deciduous trees with their leafy shade; fancifully trimmed evergreens, stately palms, etc. The white graveled paths look like silver tinseled ribbon bands from our airy balcony. What an extensive sweep of country the eye commands! Reaching to the east, the snow-crowned Sierras; to the west the Coast Range. But let us descend and enter the library. It contains 35,000 books. Not only do the tomes of political records look upon us with dignity, but here are inviting volumes of all the poets, travelers, orators, etc. The cost of the Capitol is estimated at $3,000,000.

A NOBLE LADY.

It gives me pleasure to speak of Sacramento's most public-spirited and philanthropic lady, Mrs. Margaret E. Crocker. Not only has she given to the city a pleasant, spacious Old Ladies' Home, at a cost of $38,000, and with $62,000 as a fund for its support, but also has bestowed a most valuable art gallery upon the city. The large white building is airy and commodious. In the basement are many valuable collections of minerals. Upon the first floor is the studio—well lighted and ventilated, and furnished with models of Greek and Roman sculpture. The ceiling is wrought in beautiful gilded designs of pale blue and white.

Ascending the brassed, broad staircase, we enter a profusion of scenes of various kinds—thoughts of the greatest painters, hung in brilliant frames. Here one can feast the eye upon faithful copies of Rubens, Titian, Vandyke, and Raphael; one after La Perle, is worthy of note. We wished ourselves for one moment in the famous gallery at Madrid to view the famous original, which Philip IV. of Spain called Le Perle.

THE COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS.

Among the many pictures that particularly attracted us, were The Gypsy, by Murillo, Reading of the Will, by E. Jacobi; Christ Raising Jarius' Daughter, by Theobald Goune. The beautiful, tearful Magdaline, in scarlet drapery and golden-brown hair, by Cesare Gennari, and many others I should like to mention, but special note must be taken of the San Francisco artists. The excellent portraits by S. W. Shaw; the tropical paintings of Norton Bush and Wm. Hahn; the paintings of Chas. C. Nahl are of very high coloring and fine thought; among them, "The Love Chase," in which the beautiful daughter of a Sheik, according to Arabic custom, on a fleet steed, is running a race with her lover; but she is checking the reins, full willing that he should win and claim his bride. The countenances are expressive of thought—the coloring exquisite, the horses true Arabic, fine and spirited.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES, ETC.

Sacramento has an excellent public library and reading-rooms. The climate is very good, with the exception of a tendency to malaria for some people. It is especially beneficial for certain forms of throat and lung diseases of such as cannot stand the fog and wind of the seashore. And for those who love the ocean breeze, it is only a morning's ride.

The themometer is very aspiring here in summer, and sometimes reaches 100°, but then we can look forward to the cool, balmy evenings and glorious sunsets.

Delicious fruits are showered upon us from the opulent ranches surrounding the city. Such large, meaty cherries, luscious peaches, mammoth strawberries, endless variety of fruit and vegetables.

Sacramento has very good churches, and the members greet all strangers with such a hearty shake of the hand as makes one feel good the whole week. They are good Christian workers, too. She has also some large, thriving business establishments and manufactories. She has excellent schools, and her large pavilion of State Agriculture, every September, is loaded with products of the Golden State.

It has not rained here since the first of May, and we do not expect any more until autumn; but our windmills are busy in the breeze. FLORENCE E. BEAVER.

ALASKAN WILDS.

A Sacramentan Tells of His Trip to the Far North.

Hon. A. P. Catlin, who returned from a trip to Alaska a few days since, gave a brief but interesting account of his journeyings to a SUNDAY UNION reporter yesterday. He says the steamer conveying himself and comrades took seventy-odd passengers from Tacoma, W. T., all but half a dozen of whom were Eastern tourists and pleasure seekers. The route lay all the way through the narrow channel separating the main land from the larger islands along the coast, there being but one spot—at the head of Vancouver Island—where the open sea was seen, and that for but only thirty miles or so on one side. The channel is bordered on either side by high, rough mountains, thickly studded with pines down to the water's edge. It is a most interesting and romantic journey from start to finish. The steamer stopped at many settlements on her way, and the tourists saw much to interest them at all points.

"We went," said Mr. Catlin, "through to Juneau, which is much farther north than Sitka. Juneau is a town of about 2,500 inhabitants. We visited two or three of the larger glaciers in that vicinity, and it can truthfully be said that no one who has not seen a glacier can form any idea of its grandeur. All that one may read on the subject will not give him a correct comprehension of one of these moving, flowing, tumbling mountains of ice."

"What is there at Juneau for so many people to do?" asked the reporter.

"Well, there are salmon canneries, etc.; but the most prominent indusry thereabout is mining. There is located near Juneau what is said to be the largest quartz mill in the world—running some two hundred and fifty heavy stamps. The ledge, or mine, from which the ore is taken, is more like an immense quarry, being hundreds of feet in width. One can there see mining on the most gigantic scale imaginable."

"How is the climate up there—did you find it cold?"

"Not at all. I made the great mistake of taking too much clothing with me. Dr. Cluness, who was up there a few years ago, told me to take few outer garments, but not to forget an umbrella and rubber shoes. He said I would require no heavier clothing than in Sacramento. And I wished I had followed his advice before I had been long on shore. It was very pleasant, indeed, with the exception of the rain. Why, at Sitka I was informed that it is rarely cold enough there in winter to freeze. This upsets the popular idea of that country, but it is so."

"Where did you go from Juneau?"

"From there we came south for some distance among the islands, and then westward toward the ocean, afterward following the main island (on which Sitka is located) in a southeasterly direction around the island to that port. Here we made a short stay, just long enough to take in the main features of the place."

"Does there seem to be much of a future for the towns in Alaska?"

"I should say not—at least until a Territorial Government shall be established and people can get title to the land. It is one of the finest timbered countries in the world, but of course nobody is now allowed to molest the great forests. There will always be considerable trading, mining and fishing, however, and the towns will grow somewhat.

"The strangest experience of the tourist in that locality is the shortness of the nights. The sun sets, say, at 9 or half-past 9 o'clock P. M., but the twilight continues for hours afterward—quite up to midnight, in fact. And then, about 2 o'clock in the morning—before one can scarcely realize that there had been a night at all—the sun shows up again for another long day. While we were there it hardly got dark enough for one to see the stars in a cloudless sky. No, we were not favored with an exhibition of the beautiful aurora borealis that has charmed so many travelers in that romantic land, but as it was the nights were weird enough, and one must be very callous indeed who could not be impressed with the strange conditions that surround him in that far northern latitude.

"Alaska," remarked Mr. Catlin in conclusion, "will be the great center of attraction for summer tourists in the coming years. Americans are just finding out that there are on this continent localities the wildness and grandeur of which are not surpassed, if equaled, anywhere on the globe, and every summer henceforth will find great throngs of people fleeing from the intense heat of our inland cities to enjoy the mild climate and grand sights to be met with in our northern Pacific possessions. Back in the interior of Alaska it gets very cold in winter, no doubt, but on the coast the climate is tempered at all seasons by the warm currents from the Japanese coast. It is a pleasant place to go for a jaunt, but there are few inducements to anybody to settle down permanently, unless for young men who may want to engage in some of the few profitable industries now springing up. But the tourist business will always be great."

A CLOUDED BRAIN.

Dennis Murphy Goes Crazy and Makes It Lively for Two Policemen.

Yesterday morning a telephone message was received at the police station stating that there was a crazy man on Front street, near N, wandering about in the San Joaquin Company's sheds. Officers Rowland and Simmons were detailed to look after the man, and they found him without difficulty. But when it came to arrest him they found they had a job on their hands. He struggled fiercely while being handcuffed, and officer Rowland in the excitement got his own hand too near the lunatic's mouth, and the result was that the latter sunk his teeth deep into the back of the officer's hand.

The man was brought up to the county jail, where it was ascertained that his name was Dennis Murphy. He was examined by the Commissioners of Lunacy, and ordered to the Insane Asylum. Deputy Sheriff Coggswell took him to Stockton last evening.

BRIEF NOTES.

The river marked 9 feet 1 inch last evening.

The steamer Flora came down the river yesterday with a barge loaded with grain.

It was not the "Capital," but the "Sacramento" Band of Hope that gave the entertainment on Friday evening.

The open-air concert at Capitol Park this evening, to be given by the Hussar band, will commence at 6:45 o'clock.

A fire was discovered under the stairway near the G-street entrance to Agricultural Park last night, and was extinguished before any serious damage was done.

Articles of incorporation of the Tessentu Mining and Development Company of San Francisco were filed yesterday in the Secretary of State's office. The Directors are Gorham Blake, George R. Spinney, Newton Benedict, M. A. Blake and I. W. Shaw, and the capital stock is $500,000.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Miss Kittie McGraw is on her way to the East.

Miss Rittie Barmgartner is visiting in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Eldred left yesterday for Wilbur Springs.

Mrs. M. A. Pealer went to Marysville yesterday to visit her brother.

Arthur L. Nichols, the Chico hardware merchant, was in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hamilton went up to their Placer county place yesterday.

Rev. I. E. Dwinell has gone to Honolulu for a month, accompanied by his wife.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bassett surprised them on Friday evening at their P street home.

H. E. Greer, Miss Nellie Greer, Miss May Rogers and Mrs. John Beck and family left yesterday for a two-weeks' camping trip to Samuel Springs, Napa county.

Arrivals at the Capital Hotel yesterday: Geo. Cassidy, Nevada; M. E. Finn, Mr. Powers, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Megan, Mr. Barry, Mr. Donahue, Mr. Sweet, Mr. Levy, Mr. Stockwell, Mr. Perrier, Mr. Shea, San Francisco; C. Brown and wife, Woodland; O. C. Cabb, San Francisco; Ben Ross, Ione; F. Pendergast, Woodland.

Arrivals at the Golden Eagle Hotel yesterday: F. J. Weldon, Los Angeles; M. T. Brown, Chico; George S. Nixon, Nevada; Mrs. F. M. Langley, Oakland; Miss Ada Kelly, Miss Addie Kelly, Miss Mae Randolph, Phœnix; A. E. Just, New York; L. Whitford, Chicago; D. A. Anderson, Visalia; George Duff, Truckee; W. Jacobs, Geo. R. Dement, Chicago; C. L. Taylor and wife, Folsom; George E. Fuller, Miss Wilson, Miss Walton, Dan McLeod and F. J. Devine, San Francisco.

A surprise party was given to Mr. S. H. Jackman, at his residence last evening, it being his 58th birthday. The evening was spent in games and general merry-making, and a splendid supper was served. The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Clippinger, Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Manlove, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Camp, Mrs. H. S. Small, Mrs. L. Barmore, Misses Lillie Cutter, Lulu Warner, Nettie and Lena Teeple, Kate Manlove, Mary Thornton, Grace and Susie Ford, Lottie Camp, Cordie Murphy, Laura Perkins, and Messrs. George and Eugene Cutter, Arthur Murphy, Chas. Camp, Frank Bowlan, F. M. Jones, D. C. Perkins, Ed. Ford.

A Long and Weary Tramp.

Annie Peterson, a woman well advanced in years, arrived yesterday afternoon from Los Angeles, having, as she says, made the journey alone on foot. She is a widow, and is looking for employment. She will remain at the police station for a few days, unless sooner employed. The woman states that she did not have a drop of water during fourteen miles of her journey across the hot and parched Mojave desert.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK SALES.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20, 1889.

MORNING SESSION.

Ophir	4 75	Justice	2 15
Mexican	2 95	Union	3
G. & C.	2 10	Alta	1 45
B. & B.	3 65	Julia	30@35c
C. C. V.	7@7⅛	Caledonia	25c
Savage	1 70	S. Hil.	65c
Chollar	1 45@1 50	Occidental	2 25@2 30
Potosi	1 60	Lady Wash	40@45c
H. & N.	3	Andes	65c
Point	2 15@2 20	Scorpion	20@25c
Jacket	2 95@3	Baltimore	5@10c
Imperial	50c	Con New Y.	95c@1
Kentuck	1 15	W. Comstock	55@60c
Alpha	1 10@1 15	Navajo	40c
Belcher	2 95	N. B. Isle	1@1 05
S. Nevada	2 30	Queen	1 30@1 35
Utah	75@80c	Com'wealth	4 05
Bullion	65c	Peer	15@20c
Exchequer	65@70c	Peerless	40c
Seg. B	?	Central	15c
Overman	1		

According to the most reliable estimates, the population of London is now 4,250,000; of this number 900,000, or more than one-fifth, are in receipt of some form of pauper relief.

There are no fewer than 28,729 known thieves over sixteen years of age in England.

4

WASHINGTON CULLINGS.

Important Construction of the Timber-Culture Act.

OLD GERONIMO'S APACHE BAND.

President Harrison Harmonizes the Split in Virginia—Presidential Appointments.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

HARRISON AND HARMONY.

How the Virginia Fight Was Settled—Political Pointers.

WASHINGTON, July 20th.—The President went to Deer Park this afternoon, leaving politicians in a better mood than when he left before. He has not given them very much in the way of appointments, but he opened one of the slides far enough to let on a side-light flash, which reveals that he knows something of politics. They are encouraged to believe that he knows pretty well what he is about, and that the Administration will not be a stranger to good politics during its time.

There has been a significance in the sheets of appointments that have gone from the White House during the past two days. A few, only a few, of the old candidates who have been growing despondent of late, have found their names on the list, and two or three hard fights have been settled.

This encourages others who feel that there is no defect in their claims. It is announced further that at Deer Park the President intends to continue the work. As an evidence of the intention many bundles of papers were done up and taken with him to-day. If some of the candidates were suddenly to be seized with a desire to withdraw their papers from the files at the White House, they might find that they had been taken to Deer Park.

In the appointment yesterday of United States Marshal in the Northern District of Alabama, the President settled the contest between twenty-two boiling candidates by the appointment of a twenty-third man.

In the settlement of Virginia affairs was shown a shrewd hand of politics, and all credit will not go to Quay and Clarkson. The President was consulted in the matter on every point, and when the word "harmony" was pronounced he said both elements of the party should receive "substantial recognition." He showed the good faith and force of his meaning a few hours later, by appointing Colonel Brady, the leading anti-Mahone man, to be Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second (Richmond) District, at a salary of $4,500 per year, and P. H. McCall, a Mahone man, to be Collector in the Sixth District, at the same salary.

The healing touch of the hand of the President and the National Executive Committee has produced complete harmony in the party in Virginia. "Substantial recognition" is to be given by the Administration. Substantial advice is to be given by Quay to the party to hang together, and all to work to carry the State this fall.

Looking just a little way further ahead, a Virginia delegation may be expected to vote solidly for some man's nomination at the next annual convention, and the work to be done this fall is hoped to tend toward carrying the State for the Republicans in a little over three years hence.

This piece of harmonizing is a creditable bit of work. That there is real harmony may be known from the fact that Colonel Brady said to-day that Mahone could be a candidate for Governor if he wanted it. Still another important appointment is that of Madison M. Hurley, the new Third Auditor of the Treasury Department. He is a well-known business man of New Albany, Ind., where he for a number of years represented the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He is a member of the Republican State Central Committee, about middle age of life, and is noted as being an expert accountant. His appointment was recommended by the leading Republicans of Indiana, and he has ever been a consistent and energetic worker for the success of that party.

IMPORTANT RULING.

Secretary Noble Construes the Timber Culture Act of 1878.

WASHINGTON, July 20th.—Secretary Noble to-day in a letter to the Commissioner General of the Land Office, modified in a very important particular the application of the rule as to time of certain timber culture cases. The Timber Culture Act of June 14, 1878, provides that any person who shall plant, protect and keep in healthy growing condition, for eight years, ten acres of timber in any quarter section of any public lands of the United States, shall be entitled to a patent at the expiration of said eight years, on making proof, etc., provided "no final certificates shall be given or patent issued until the expiration of eight years from the date of entry."

Land Commissioner McFarland in his circular on instructions to Registers and Receivers, dated February 1, 1882, held that the trees must actually have been growing five years and the remaining half four years to comform to the terms of the Act. This interpretation is sustained in the decision, which held the preparation of the land and the planting of trees are acts of cultivation, and the time so employed should be computed as a part of the eight years required in timber culture cases, and as the Act provided for three years cultivation of land before the trees could be planted the effect of the ruling was to compute the period of cultivation from the date of the entry, June 27, 1887.

Commissioner Sparks in his circular to Registers and Receivers directed: "In computing the period of cultivation, the time runs from the date when the total number of trees, seeds or cuttings required by the Act were planted, and the final proofs of the entries not having complied with this rule, were rejected."

Secretary Noble, in his letter to-day to the Commissioner, sustains the ruling made by Commissioner Sparks, but says: "Inasmuch as the department from the time of the passage of the bill up to June 27, 1887, erroneously construed the true spirit and intent of the Act, and in pursuance thereof numerous entries have been made under the law as promulgated, amounting to some 2,500 or more, such entries should be protected under the construction thus given the Act, giving such construction all the force and effect of law. Were it not so a great wrong and inconvenience would result." The Secretary, therefore, directs the rule in the case of Henry Hooper in point, be so modified as to hold all entries made under the Act as construed from February 1, 1882, to June 27, 1887, should pass to patent, and that all entries made after the announcement of that doctrine should be governed by the principles therein enunciated.

GERONIMO'S BAND.

Talk of Removing Them From Alabama to the Tennessee Mountains.

WASHINGTON, July 20th.—For several months the War Department officials have had under consideration the proposed removal of about 400 Apaches, including the members of Geronimo's band, and a number of Indians who served the United States army as scouts in the campaigns against Geronimo.

They are at present located at Mount Vernon barracks, about thirty miles north of Mobile, Alabama.

They were first taken to Florida, at Fort Augustine, where the climate told severely upon them, and it was found necessary to send some of the children to school at Carlisle, Penn.

It is conceded that their present location, although more suitable than Florida, is not conducive to the welfare of the Indians, who were born and brought up in the mountainous regions of New Mexico, so that suggestions of a change have been readily listened to by the authorities.

The Massachusetts Indian Association has offered to purchase the land necessary to accommodate the Indians if the Government will select the site and authorize the change.

The War Department officials are now considering the subject. General Howard has suggested, after an inspection of the Indians at Mount Vernon, that the hilly country of Alabama, Georgia or North Carolina would be better suited to the Apaches than any land on the seaboard, and he recommends:

First—To have them gradually house themselves, prepare for the winter and be ready next spring to commence farming operations. A few are already prepared to take the lands in severalty, but not many. A majority may be governed and work as a whole upon some undivided portion of their new estate.

Second—Establish at once the necessary schools.

Third—The aid which the Government could furnish would be simply what it does now, and that it be supplementary in the way of food and clothing and afford the necessary guard. Tell these Apache Indians to cease to be prisoners of war.

The place for them which meets with the most favor is the Cherokee reservation on Smoky mountains, on the line between North Carolina and Tennessee. It is understood that the Cherokees are willing to sell enough of the land to accommodate the Apaches, and it is probable the authorities will consent to remove them there after the Indian Rights Associations have obtained title to the lands under proper conditions. Captain Bourke expresses the belief that the Apaches can be made self-supporting and law-abiding in three years.

HARRISON'S FAVORITES.

Several Offices of Importance Filled by the President.

WASHINGTON, July 20th.—The President has made the following appointments:

M. M. Hurley of Indiana to be Third Auditor of the Treasury.

J. H. Franklin of Kansas to be Deputy Second Auditor of the Treasury.

John Nehrenback of Ohio to be Supervising Inspector of Steam Vessels for the Seventh District of Cincinnati.

Charles M. L. Avy of California to be Appraiser of Merchandise in the District of San Francisco, Cal.

To be Collectors of Customs—Frank B. Goss of Massachusetts, in the District of Barnstable, Mass.; William Gaston Henderson of Mississippi, in the District of Pearl River, Miss.; M. Wright of Cuero, Texas, for the District of Galveston, Texas; Henry D. Clay of Virginia, for the District of Newport News, Va.

To be Collectors of Internal Revenue—James D. Brady of Virginia, for the Second District of Virginia; P. H. McCaull of Virginia, for the Sixth District of Virginia; Joseph W. Burke of Texas, for the Third District of Texas.

James J. Dickerson of Texas, Marshal for the Eastern District of Texas.

Milton C. Elsner of Louisiana, District Attorney for the Western District of Louisiana.

Consuls—Evans Blake of Illinois, at Crefeld; Henry C. Fisk of Vermont, at St. Johns, Quebec; Jaspar P. Bradley of West Virginia, at Southampton; Eugene O. Fechet of Michigan, at Piedras Negras; Archibald J. Sampson of Colorado, at Paso d l Norte; Horace Pugh of Indiana, at Newcastle, England.

The President also appointed ten Postmasters, all in Eastern and Southern States.

DEER PARK.

President Harrison Will Visit Blaine at Bar Harbor, Maine.

WASHINGTON, July 20th.—President and Mrs. Harrison left for Deer Park at 3 o'clock this afternoon, where they will remain two weeks. At the end of that time the President will return here, and after spending a few days will join Blaine at Bar Harbor, remaining with him another fortnight.

Mrs. Harrison has not yet decided whether she will accompany the President on his northern trip on the conclusion of his visit to Blaine.

The President will again come to Washington and prepare for a longer stay at Deer Park. It is his intention to be there during the month of September.

It is probable that the programme given will be carried out, although the length of the President's stay at each place may be changed through a personal desire or the demands of public business.

Private Secretary Halford accompanies the President. Mrs. and Miss Halford will leave for Deer Park Monday. Most of the public announcements by the President will be given out at Deer Park. Only such matters as have to be made of record will be sent to the White House. These, even, may be first announced at Deer Park.

Windom expects to join his family at Deer Park next Saturday and remain two weeks.

Custom Collectors.

WASHINGTON, July 20th.—On the request of Acting Secretary of State Wharton, the Treasury Department has directed the Collector of Customs at New York to admit free of duty and charges certain household effects belonging to Oscar S. Strauss, late United States Minister to Turkey.

Acting Secretary of the Treasury has directed the Collector of Customs at San Francisco to admit free of duty the wreckage of the United States steamship Trenton from Samoa, consigned to the Commandant of the navy yard at Mare Island.

Cost of Calling in Bonds.

WASHINGTON, July 20th.—Under the circular of April 17th, 1888, the Treasury Department has purchased $151,445,750 worth of bonds, at a total cost of $175,318,350 79. From August 3d, when the Government first began purchasing bonds, to and including to-day, the amount purchased has been $155,769,100, at a cost, including the premium, of $202,522,074 27. Had the bonds been allowed to mature, the cost would have been $238,405,078 31. The Government therefore saves $35,883,004 04.

Land Decisions.

WASHINGTON, July 20th.—Assistant Secretary of the Interior Chandler has affirmed the decision of the Land Commissioner in dismissing John Mowen's contest against the homestead entry of Lazzaro Guermolius for certain tracts of land in the Sacramento Land District, California. He also affirmed the decision of the same officer allowing David Logan's timber cash entry for a tract of land in the Pueblo Land District, California, and dismissing Howard Chadbourne's contest against it.

Pauncefote's Mission.

WASHINGTON, July 20th.—Pauncefote, who sails for Europe to-day from New York, it is reported carries a rough draft of an agreement between Great Britain and the United States concerning the Canadian and Behring Sea questions, to be submitted to Salisbury for consideration and suggestion.

Early Closing.

WASHINGTON, July 20th.—All the Government departments closed to-day at 3 o'clock and will continue to do so each Saturday during the hot weather.

New Postoffice.

WASHINGTON, July 20th.—A new postoffice has been established at Arch Bishop, Los Angeles county, California, with Oliver N. Brooks as postmaster.

Pension Awards.

WASHINGTON, July 20th.—Original invalids, Christian Shortz, Jonathan N. Howes; increase, Samuel Deal.

IN THE TOILS AGAIN.

Sketch of a Dangerous and Noted Crook—His Prison Career.

JOLIET (Ill.), July 20th.—The arrest in Ohio of Anamous Driggs' counterfeiting gang has revived interest in the history of these people.

Away back in 1855 Driggs kept a country store in Southern Illinois, which was used as the headquarters for a gang of "Koniakers." Driggs was arrested and sent to the old Alton Prison for ten years, but received a pardon from the Governor on August 12, 1856. He was then 48 years of age.

In 1876, when Elmer Washburn was at the head of the Secret Service, he located a gang of counterfeiters in this State, with headquarters on the Mississippi river, across from Lyons, Ia., and captured the whole gang.

Ben. Boyd was the engraver, and Nelse Driggs, Gertrude Stadtfelt, Charles Stadtfelt and William Lang, alias Nick Horn, were the shovers of the queer.

The woman turned out to be old man Driggs' wife, and was not prosecuted. Boyd got ten years, Driggs fifteen years, Lang seven years, and Charley Stadtfelt two years at Joliet prison, and they all served their terms. Driggs was released November 11, 1884.

While Driggs is nearly 80 years old, his wife is a nice-looking woman of 35. The old man was reputed to be worth $100,000 while he was confined at Joliet, and his wife spent many thousands in her fruitless endeavors to procure his release.

"The Face at the Window."

"This letter is to my husband," she said, as she licked on a stamp at the window in the corridor of the Postoffice.

"Yes'm."

"Will it go out to-day?"

"Yes'm."

"By first mail?"

"Yes'm."

"He ought to get it day after to-morrow?"

"Yes'm."

"And I ought to have his letter by Saturday."

"Yes'm."

"It isn't overweight?"

"No'm."

"And if he gets it, and if I get his answer by Saturday, I can write ——"

"Please don't obstruct the window, ma'am, there's forty people waiting."

"Oh! there are. That's always the way of it. I can't get a word of information out of this Postoffice, try as I will. Good day, sir. I'll go across to Canada after this!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

EAST OF THE ROCKIES.

A Democratic Proposition to Call Montana "Jefferson."

A CHURCH PILLAR IN TROUBLE.

Hogan, the Aeronaut, Turns Up All Right—Racing on the Eastern Turf—Etc.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

LABOR TROUBLES.

Silk Weavers at Paterson, N. J., Refuse a Reduction of Wages.

PATERSON (N. J.), July 20th.—More than 300 operatives in the silk mills here are on a strike, because, owing to hard times, the employers are forced to close or reduce wages 10 per cent. Notice of the reduction was posted to-day and the workers struck.

STREET LABORERS STRIKE HARD.

WEST SUPERIOR (Wis.), July 20th.—A general strike was inaugurated by street laborers yesterday. Over 600 men quit work on the refusal of their demand for an increase from $1 50 to $1 75 per day. They visited the St. Paul and Pacific docks, where a gang of men was working under police protection. They overawed the police and routed the "scabs." The strikers are ugly. A company of the State militia was sent for and will arrive this morning.

WEST SUPERIOR (Wis.), July 20th.—A company of State militia arrived here at 9 o'clock this morning. All was quiet among the strikers, but no action has been taken to settle the strike.

STRIKERS DISPERSED.

WEST SUPERIOR (Wis.), July 20th.—The Griffin Rifles of Eau Claire county arrived this morning, and during the afternoon disposed of a crowd of 600 striking laborers, who were marching through the streets. Eleven arrests were made. The Mayor ordered all saloons closed. The strikers have gathered in the suburbs and are consulting. It is feared they will make trouble.

DIAMOND DUST.

Boston Plays in Hard Luck and Gets Whitewashed.

WASHINGTON, July 20th.—The Senators outplayed the Cleveland team at all points to-day, but after a very exciting finish were defeated. It was a pitchers' contest. Score:

Washington	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	—4
Cleveland	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	*	—5

Base hits—Washington, 9; Cleveland, 7. Errors—Washington, 2; Cleveland, 3. Batteries—Washington, O'Day and Daly; Cleveland, Beaton and Sutcliffe. Umpire—Curry.

PHILADELPHIA, July 20th.—Philadelphia won two games from Pittsburg this afternoon. It took ten innings to decide the first, the Phillies securing the winning run on Hallman's double, Kuehne's wild throw and Clement's single. The second game was a walk-over for the Phillies. Score:

FIRST GAME.

Philadelphia	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	—4
Pittsburg	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3

Base hits—Philadelphia, 10; Pittsburg, 8. Errors—Philadelphia, 3; Pittsburg, 3. Batteries—Philadelphia—Buffington and Clements; Pittsburg—Staley and Miller. Umpire—Lynch.

SECOND GAME.

Philadelphia	5	0	0	3	4	0	0	3	1	—16
Pittsburg	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—1

Base hits—Philadelphia, 21; Pittsburg, 4. Errors—Philadelphia, 1; Pittsburg, 4. Batteries—Philadelphia, Sanders and Schriver; Pittsburg, Galvin and Miller. Umpire—Lynch.

BOSTON, July 20th.—The Bostons played in the hardest kind of luck to-day. They outbatted the Chicagos, but with men on bases Gumbert was so effective and his support so perfect, that in only two innings was more than one hit made. Score:

Chicago	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Base hits—Chicago, 5; Boston, 9. Errors—Chicago, 0; Boston, 5. Batteries—Chicago, Gumbert and Farrell; Boston, Clarkson and Ganzell. Umpire—Powers.

NEW YORK, July 20th.—The New York team played an excellent game in the field to-day, and to that is mainly due their victory over Indianapolis. Score:

New York	0	2	1	3	1	0	0	1	0	—8
Indianapolis	0	1	0	1	0	3	0	0	*	—5

Base hits—New York, 8; Indianapolis, 8. Errors—New York, 0; Indianapolis, 6. Batteries—New York, Welch and Ewing; Indianapolis, Music and Myers. Umpire—McQaid.

BROOKLYN, July 20th.—Brooklyns 2, Athletics 3.

CINCINNATI, July 20th.—Cincinnati 1, St. Louis 5.

COLUMBUS, July 20th.—Columbus 4, Baltimore 5; twelve innings.

LOUISVILLE, July 20th.—Rain; no game.

EASTERN TURF.

Closing Day at Washington Park—The Winners of the Events.

LONG BRANCH (N. J.), July 20th.—The programme for to-day at Monmouth Park interested a large audience which had gathered on account of the Colleen and Stevens stakes respectively, to be contested for. The track was slow and the large attendance was treated to clear and hot weather. The winners to-day were as follows:

First race, three-fourths of a mile, Fitzroy won, Sir Joseph second, Bessie June third. Time, 1:17½.

Second race, Colleen stakes, three-fourths of a mile, Starlight won, Carrie second, Little Ella third. Time, 1:21.

Third race, one mile, Begonette won, Bess second, Bella B. third. Time, 1:47.

Fourth race, Stevens stakes, one and five-eighths miles, Longstreet won, Tomboy second, Eric third. Time, 2:56½.

Fifth race, one and one-half miles, Firenzi won, Inverwick second, Preston third. Time, 2:43.

Sixth race, seven-eighths of a mile, Miracle won, Queen of Elizabeth second, Freedom third. Time, 1:33.

Seventh race, one mile, Van Cloche won, Ben Harrison second, Village Maid third. Time, 1:47.

AT CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, July 20th.—Washington Park was crowded to-day with lovers of the speed track, as it was the closing day of the meeting. The track was favorable to the horses, as it was in excellent condition, while the weather was all that could be desired for those in attendence. The result of the races is as follows:

First race, three-fourths of a mile, Blarney-stone Jr. won, Spring Dance second, Lulu B. third. Time, 1:18

Second race, one mile, Bridgelight won, Lela May second, Chilhowie third. Time, 1:44½.

Third race, one-half of a mile, Penn P. won, Avondale second. Sis O'Lee and Sinola ran a dead heat for third place. Time, 59½.

Fourth race, one and one-eighth miles, Pat Donovan won, Gilnford second. Time, 1:57¾.

Fifth race, mile and one sixteenth, Bledsoe won, Castaway second, Fayette third. Time, 1:51¼.

Sixth race, mile and one sixteenth, Somerset won, Girondes second, Jakie Toms third. The judges disqualified Somerset for fouling Jakie Toms, and gave the race to Girondes with Jakie Toms second and Marchburn third. Time, 1:51.

STEEL VESSELS.

A Company to Establish Ship-Building Yards at Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 20th.—It is announced that the Illinois Steel Company, recently incorporated as a consolidation of three great iron and steel companies in this neighborhood, has decided to go into the business of building steel vessels for employment in lake commerce. It is understood the ship-yards to be created are to be located in South Chicago. At Duluth, on July 10th, the Minnesota Iron Company voted to place its $1,500,000 surplus in the hands of the Directors. This company is controlled by the Illinois Steel Company, and the voting of this surplus was to put it at that company's disposal. W. L. Babcock, Superintendent of the Union Drydock Company, at Buffalo, has been selected as the head of the mechanical department of the proposed yards.

DRIVEN TO STARVATION.

Stories of Destitution in Northern Dakota and Canada.

GRAFTON (D. T.), July 20th.—Crops in the Canadian Northwest and along the Dakota line are in bad shape. Farmers are almost destitute, and some instances are reported where they are subsiding on field mice and gophers. In the Canadian Northwest proper the crops are wiped out.

A party of emigrants from the Souris country were met Thursday at the boundary line. They had traveled 300 miles through a well-settled country on the Canadian side without seeing a fair crop, and say a great many settlers are leaving their land to drive their cattle to the timbered country on this side. Some families looked famine-stricken, and had eaten nothing but potatoes and turnips for some months. They were afflicted with scurvy and were sacrificing themselves to save their cattle.

At one place northwest from Turtle mountain a family of English emigrants who were traveling back to the mountains had killed and were eating a young colt. The suffering in that isolated region will be awful, and those who have means will leave in such numbers as to depopulate that section.

IT WAS A FAKE.

MINNEAPOLIS, July 20th.—A Winnipeg special says that the story originating at Grafton, Dak., that the settlers in the Canadian Northwest have been reduced to eating field mice and gophers is simply a lie. The prospects are for a two-thirds crop and there is no destitution anywhere.

CRUSHED TO DEATH.

Sad Ending of a Colored Excursion Party in Georgia.

SAVANNAH (Ga.), July 20th.—The steamer St. Nicholas, with five hundred colored excursionists on board, ran into a closed drawbridge over St. Augustine creek, four miles south of Savannah, to-night, demolishing the forward part of the steamer, killing two women, and injuring twenty-eight men and women, some of whom will die. Captain Boulineau, who commanded the steamer, said the engines were reversed and backing when the crash came. The forward decks were crowded. The upper deck was carried away and the pilot house and hurricane deck crashed down on the mass of people, burying them beneath its weight. One of the dead bodies was that of a colored cook and the other is an unknown young woman.

THE BIRMINGHAM TRAGEDY.

A Truce Called in Order to Relieve a Dying Man.

BIRMINGHAM (Ala.), July 20th.—The Deputy Sheriffs all returned from Mud creek this afternoon. Scroggins, who remained to guard the gin house at the scene of the Simpson-Houghton tragedy yesterday, told the inmates they might go undisturbed if they would let him go to take care of Deputy Morgan, who was lying wounded in the sun and pleading for water at a point covered by their guns. They agreed, and came out and went away. When the deputies arrived they had fourteen hours start, and no pursuit was attempted. Morgan is still alive, though desperately wounded.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Troubles of the Judiciary Committee Over Judicial Districts.

SIOUX FALLS (Dak.), July 20th.—The Convention met and adjourned to-day without transacting any business whatever. About two-thirds of the reports of the standing committees have been submitted, the greater part of which have been made a special order for next Tuesday.

The Judiciary Committee will report Tuesday. While there is some dissatisfaction with the work of the committee in arranging the judicial districts, and while a minority report will probably be submitted, there is no doubt but that the report of the majority will be adopted when it comes before the Convention.

The minority were in favor of the "shoestring" form of districts—that is, one county in width and extending across the entire State, making the counties in the Jim river valley the centers of districts. The majority favored a more compact form.

An effort is being made to so amend the report by the Legislative Committee, as practically agreed upon last week, as to reduce the number of State Senators from forty-four to forty, and the number of Representatives proportionately.

The reports from the joint committee are not very encouraging to delegates who are anxious to finish the work of the Convention and adjourn, especially those who have a personal interest in the primaries that are soon to be called.

MONTANA CONVENTION.

A New York Democrat Asks That the New State be Called Jefferson.

HELENA (Mont.), July 20th.—Eaton of Park county to-day presented to the Convention a communication from New York, signed Chadwick, requesting that the new State be called Jefferson.

The matter created considerable merriment. The petitioner stated that he felt convinced it would result to the glory of the Convention, and secure a Democratic majority in the State.

The Committee on Finance reported unfavorably on the gambling bill, prohibiting all manner of games in places where liquor is sold.

Strangled Her Baby.

WARSAW (Ind.), July 20th.—The authorities of this county have taken into their custody Mrs. Martha Danks, charged with murder, and her husband, Daniel, as an accessory.

Danks recently became a crank on the theme of religion, and, it is said, compelled his wife to strangle their fifteen-months-old child as a sacrifice, claiming the Almighty had promised to resurrect the child on the third day. When Danks was arrested he had been carrying the dead infant in his arms for two days.

Good Crop Prospects.

ST. PAUL (Minn.), July 20th.—Reports from Dakota and other parts of the Northwest indicate the wheat crop to be much better than expected. There probably will be three-fourths or two-thirds of an average crop in North Dakota. Recent rains have placed the fields in fine condition. Northern Minnesota wheat will be the best yield for years, and western Wisconsin and Iowa will have good crops.

Warner Don't Care.

CHICAGO, July 20th.—The announcement that Commander-in-Chief Warner, of the G. A. R., issued an order urging all posts to send as many delegates as possible to the National Encampment, meets with disfavor here. Grand Army men here claim that Warner should have supported the action of the nine Department Commanders who met here in July, advising the posts not to attend.

Trial of the Petrel.

BALTIMORE, July 20th.—The trial trip of the Petrel to-day is thought to be unsatisfactory, as she went only as far as Kent Island, and as the owners were reticent in giving information. It is said that she developed 1,350 horse power, 250 more than required, but this was for a very short time.

Not Separated by Death.

ROCKFORD (Ill.), July 20th.—J. P. Sussmitch and wife committed suicide together last night by drowning. Both were past 70 years of age and were in good circumstances, and the only reason for the deed seemed to be the fear that death would come to one first, leaving the other alone.

Pillar of the Church.

CHICAGO, July 20th.—James W. Sykes was this morning found guilty of issuing $90,000 worth of bogus warehouse receipts and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. Sykes was considered wealthy and a pillar of the church. This was his third trial. He conducted his own defense.

Behaving Himself.

NEW YORK, July 20th.—Instead of "seeing the town" to-night, John L. Sullivan remained in his room at the Vanderbilt Hotel. Billy Muldoon was summoned from Long Branch to accompany him to Boston, but the trip was postponed until Monday.

Gone to England.

NEW YORK, July 20th.—Pugilist Mitchell eluded Detective Norris and sailed for England this morning on the Etruria. Pony Moore is with him. Mitchell said he would never return to this country as long as he lived.

The Old Dodge.

JACKSON (Mich.), July 20th.—A private dispatch has been received from Hogan, the aeronaut, dated from Long Island, saying that he was safe and was keeping quiet for advertising purposes.

Henry Clay Drowned.

PARIS (Ky.), July 20th.—Henry Clay, aged sixteen, a son of William Clay, and a great-grand-son of the noted Henry Clay, was drowned last night while attempting to cross a swollen stream.

Extra Session Project.

NEW YORK, July 20th.—The *Sun* says: Several influential Republicans have news that the President has certainly determined to call an extra session of Congress in November.

Denies the Story.

NEW LONDON, July 20th.—George Gould vehemently denies the reported marriage of his brother Edwin.

It is generally believed by ex-Secretary Bayard's neighbors that he will soon re-enter politics, beginning with the next State campaign in Delaware. Just at present, however, he seems to be wholly engrossed with his domestic affairs and in improving his residence at Delamore.

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

The Clash of Arms will Soon be Heard Throughout Europe.

DECLINING HEALTH OF VICTORIA.

Councils of War—Germany Apologizes to Switzerland—Parnell in Scotland.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

WAR INEVITABLE.

Serious European Complications—Preparing for the Contest.

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BERLIN, July 20th.—The long-pending negotiations with the Porte, aiming at the adhesion of Turkey to the triple alliance, have finally resulted in an entente, under which the integrity of the Turkish territory is guaranteed in accordance with the treaty of Berlin. The question concerning Crete is reserved, Prince Bismarck promising to influence Greece not to interfere provided further autonomy is conceded the Cretans.

It is stipulated that the Turkish troops shall co-operate with Austria in Servia and Bulgaria in the event of a war with Russia.

The Sultan received the Count Radowitz, the German Embassador, on Wednesday, and arranged the reception of Emperor William, whose visit to Constantinople depended upon the Porte's conclusion of an *entente*.

The negotiations were accelerated by the gravity of the situation in Servia. A Cabinet Council was held in Vienna Thursday, and it was debated whether the time had come for military intervention by Austria.

The War Minister reported the arming of Servia reserves en masse. Russian officers, he said, were engaged in inspecting fortresses, barracks and depots in Servia. The Minister advocated immediate action. Everything was ready to march two army corps into Servia. The Council declined to wait until Count Kalnoky influenced the reappearance of King Milan in Belgrade. Partisans of King Milan are eager for war, to crush the Russians. If it occurs, King Milan will invoke Austrian assistance and thus give Kalnoky ground to interfere.

The interview at the Foreign Office between Count Herbert Bismarck and M. Roth, the Swiss Minister, was amicable. Count Herbert intimated that the German reply to the Swiss note, though denouncing the existing treaty, would invite early negotiations for a new treaty. The tenor of the reply would be so friendly that Count Herbert was confident that the Swiss Government would consider the hostile phase of the dispute closed. The Swiss Secretary of Justice and Police went to Zurich Thursday and submitted a number of German Socialists to interrogation, and obtained pledges that while residents of Switzerland they would renounce all propaganda compromising the country. The same pledge will be demanded of every refugee sheltered in Switzerland.

Socialists have taken heart over Halberstadt's election as a member of the Reichstag. The feature of the contest was the large Socialist gains. The experience at Helberstadt's election will lead to the cessation of the quarrel of Government groups.

The strike of bakers in Berlin continues. The Government has placed at the service of the masters soldiers who are able to bake bread, in order to prevent the stoppage involving a famine.

WELCOMED IN SCOTLAND.

Parnell is Given a Grand Reception in the City of Edinburgh.

EDINBURGH, July 20th.—The freedom of the city was conferred upon Parnell to-day. The presentation took place in the Corn Exchange, which was packed to the doors, while hundreds were unable to gain admittance. The Earl of Aberdeen was in the chair. Parnell was given an enthusiastic reception, the immense audience rising and cheering for several minutes. Deputations from all the liberal societies in Scotland presented addresses. Gladstone, in a letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, wrote:

"The time has not yet arrived for detailing the memorable experience of Parnell during the last two years. I believe his experience to be unparalleled in the history of British statesmen in Parliament for the past two centuries. I consider Parnellites to be, in the best sense, conservatives. They have been a restorative force of great value to the peace of Ireland and the honor of England, while tyranny of government has deepened aversion of Ireland."

Queen Victoria's Health.

LONDON, July 20th.—In view of declining health, Queen Victoria is making arrangements for the Prince of Wales to relieve her of the labor on State documents. The Prince in this case assumes all responsibilities and wishes, it is said, to adopt the title of Prince Regent and have the use of Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, the Queen retiring to Osborne and Balmoral. If the arrangement is carried out, Albert Victor will obtain the Marlborough House.

The Whitechapel Fiend.

LONDON, July 20th.—The man who gave himself up yesterday claiming that he was the Ripper, said his name was Brodie, and that he left London in September for Kimberley, South Africa. He was an ex-convict and reached Southampton on Monday, making the return voyage as fireman. Brodie was pronounced insane from consumption and hard use of liquor. He was arraigned before the Police Magistrate this morning and remanded for one week. He insists that his confession is true.

Seditious Assemblies.

PARIS, July 20th.—M. Constans, Minister of the Interior, has decided to form a body of police consisting of 100 men, apart from the regular force, whose special duties it shall be to suppress seditious assemblies.

The *National* says: "The Government proposes to warn electors that General Boulanger is ineligible as a candidate for the Councils General."

Paradox, the New English Yacht.

LONDON, July 20th.—The Cinque Ports yacht regatta took place to-day. Public interest was centered on the appearance of the yacht Paradox, this being her first race. Six yachts started. The Paradox, early in the race, withdrew, owing to an accident. She will try again on Monday.

American Salt Company.

LONDON, July 20th.—Five-sixths of the amount of the capital stock in the American Salt Company, reserved for Great Britain, has already been subscribed by shareholders in the Salt Union.

Paper Mills Destroyed.

PARIS, July 20th.—The Vaudel Paper Mills, near Pontarlier, were burned to-day. The loss is enormous.

Death of a Noted Austrian.

VIENNA, July 20th.—Count Julius Andressy, formerly Imperial Prime Minister of Austria, is dead.

ANOTHER HORROR.

Further Details of the Kanawha Valley Disaster—Lives Lost.

PARKERSBURG, (W. Va.), July 20th.—An estimate can hardly yet be formed of the great calamity that has swept over Little Kanawha Valley, but enough is known to mark it as the most destructive in life and property ever occurring in West Virginia. The scene of the greatest disaster was on Pond Creek, Jackson county, and Tucker Creek, Wirt county. Pond Creek rose twenty-five feet in an hour, from a cloud-burst. The water spread from hill to hill and carried all before it. Four men took refuge in Thomas' mill. The mill was washed away and Edward Bass was drowned. Thomas Black and his newly wedded wife were washed from their home and perished. Thomas Hughes his wife and four children fled from their home but the water overtook them and none escaped but Hughes. On Tucker creek seven lives are reported lost, but no definite information can be obtained. The loss to property is immense, and will run up into the millions.

INDIAN HEMP.

Sullivan Slugged Him, and Some One Drugged Him.

NEW YORK, July 20th.—The *Evening News*, in an extra, prints a story to the effect that a letter has been received from a well-known newspaper man in the South, in which the writer says he is confident Kilrain was drugged previous to his battle with Sullivan, and that the business was done at Richburg the night before the battle. Kilrain being given Indian hemp mixed in jelly, and this drug, aided by the torrid sun, did its work. The *News* reporter called on Frank Stevenson in regard to the matter, and Stevenson said: "Kilrain informed me after the fight, that he had a strange feeling, but whether he was drugged or not I do not know."

Johnston, of the *Police Gazette*, when seen, said Flynn, who put up the ring, said to him (Johnston): "Richard K. Fox would give $5,000 if he knew what I learned at Richburg." Nothing more definite could be learned.

ELECTRIC FLASHES.

Condensed Telegraphic Dispatches From All Parts of the World.

Martinez is to have a fruit and fish cannery.

Excellent races are expected at the Redding fair.

An offer of $300,000 has been made for the Lucky mine at San Pedro.

The Czar of Russia proposes some reforms that are sat upon by his nobles.

Jack the Ripper has not yet seen fit to walk into the arms of the London police.

Albert Raymond, of Santa Cruz, Cal., was drowned at Sparta, Wis., a few days ago.

Grand Duke Constantine, uncle of the Czar, has suffered a stroke of paralysis and lost his power of speech.

Professor Davies, a wizard and ventriloquist, is at Albuquerque, deserted by his manager and out of funds.

Fred. W. Worrell and Nathaniel Taylor were killed by a boiler explosion at Washington Court-house, O., Friday.

John G. Edwards has started to Wisconsin from Los Angeles to answer a charge of embezzling $40,000 five years ago.

Miguel Barba, a Mexican, aged 64, was shot and killed at Sweetwater, Mariposa county, last Wednesday, by Cæsar Vrulleman.

A report has reached the War Department that it will require $141,000 more and another year's work to complete the survey of San Francisco harbor.

The Secretary of the Navy has made the fourth payment of $16,550 to the Herreschoff Company at New York for the construction of the torpedo-boat being built for the United States.

A breach of promise suit, promising important developments, has just been begun at Ukiah. Lucy Cleveland, a widow and dressmaker, has brought suit against L. Vandusen, a wealthy lumber dealer, for $25,000 damages for blighted affections.

Frank L. Bailey, a stock operator, has disappeared from his rooms at the Lick House, San Francisco, and it is feared has committed suicide, as he left a letter to a friend saying that he intended to take his own life. Financial losses and ill health are supposed to be the cause. He has a father living at Lakeside, San Diego.

In the report to the Chief of Engineers of the operations under the river and harbor bill, the officers in charge make the following recommendations of appropriations for continuing the work next year: Entrance to Galveston harbor, Texas, $2,350,000; ship channel in the bay, $200,000; Yellowstone river, Montana and Dakota, $65,000.

Two horse and cattle thieves and the dead body of the leader of the gang passed through Albuquerque, New Mexico, to Socorro Thursday night. They had stolen several horses from Sam Dedrick's ranch near Gallup. They were desperate and defied arrest. Deputy Sheriff Lawson, of Apache county, organized a posse and soon got on their trail. Coming upon the thieves the latter showed fight and a general exchange of shots took place. The leader of the gang, a Mexican, was shot dead. The Deputy Sheriff received a serious wound. The other two thieves surrendered.

FOLSOM FLICKERS

Work Commenced on the Dam—Big Fruit Crop.

[Telegraph, July 20th.]

The experts examined the books and accounts of the Warden, Clerk and Commissary of the Folsom prison, for the year just ended, and found them all correct in every way.

Ed. M. Martin, the Sacramento attorney, was the guest of Warden Aull part of this week. He was accompanied by his son, and was on his way to the mountains in the hope that his health may be benefited by his sojourn there.

The laying of stone on the big dam commenced this week, and good progress has been made. The tramway has been gotten in operating order and does good work. Much will be accomplished before the season is over, as the early start has been of great advantage to the work named.

The fruit ranches along the railroad are lively places just now, and large forces are employed in them all. Plums are being shipped by the carload, and several carloads of pears have been shipped to the East from this vicinity. About two carloads of fruit are sent from every station between here and Sacramento by each freight train.

A big force of workmen will be employed on the boom now being built across the American river. The work is now under good headway, and there are about thirty men there now at work. The force is being increased, and inside of a month from ninety to one hundred men will be employed there. All the work is done by free men.

ALL AROUND THE WORLD.

Thomas N. Page, the Virginia author, is now making a tour through Ireland.

The Empress of Austria is living in extreme solitude at the Chateau de Linz.

The wedding presents received by the new Duchess of Portland were no less than 5,000 in number.

The oriental gifts sent by the Sultan of Morocco to Kaiser William II. turn out to have been manufactured in Germany.

Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, says that the talk about the possibility of Cardinal Gibbons being elected Pope is "mere nonsense."

The will of John Gilbert, the actor, has been filed in the Suffolk county, Mass., Probate office. He leaves all his property to his wife.

Cassius M. Clay vouches for the always well-fed sparrow as a delicious bird for the table, and advises all restaurant-keepers to aid in killing them.

The Russian army will soon be provided with breech-loading rifles which will carry a distance of 6,000 feet. Noiseless powder will also be used in future by the army.

The watchmakers of Prescott, England, who have long been famous, finding that their trade is declining, have decided to build a factory and work on the American plan.

Look out for your rubber boots. A Yale sophomore is very seriously ill in New Haven, his blood having been poisoned by the aniline dyes of the lining of his rubber boots.

Nicholas of Montenegro, who governs his subjects in the old-fashioned paternal way, holds Court every week, where he dispenses justice, and offenders are then and there birched in the presence of his Highness.

English curates have been the successful lovers in romatic tales since the institution of the church, but since three out of four of Archdeacon Farrar's daughters have married curates the character passes from the realm of fancy into that of fact.

Ex-Governor Crawford of Kansas is one man who appears to have come out of the Oklahoma boom with flying colors. He received 10 per cent. of the amount paid to the Creek Indians for the lands on account of his services as an attorney in negotiating the sale.

The Empress of China has been presented by her husband with an immense tiara of gold, having a very lofty cap of Siberian sable, embroidered with rows of pearls and the feathers of the golden pheasant. Twenty skilled workmen were two months in making it.

A century ago only 300 species of orchids were known, and those very imperfectly. Now the latest authority gives the extreme number of known species as 10,000. This may be an excessive estimate, but it shows the immense advances which have been made in our knowledge of those interesting plants, for which collectors now ransack the most remote quarters of the globe.

A lens for seeing when under the water is described by its discoverer as producing an effect which is both astonishing and delightful. It gives distinct vision of objects twenty or thirty feet off, the eye's loss of extended sight when under watar being because an entirely different focus is required. The spectacle which provides this can be made by putting two watch glasses of three-quarters of an inch in diameter and an inch radius back to back, or with the concavities outward.

ALONG THE PACIFIC COAST.

Washington Territory to Have Five Supreme Judges.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT SANTA ROSA.

Arizona Washouts—Cream of Tartar Manufacturing—Military Encampments.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

The Supreme Bench to Consist of Five Judges—Female Suffrage.

OLYMPIA (W. T.), July 20th.—The Convention opened to-day with an affidavit from the Secretary of the Woman's Suffrage Bureau that a petition with 25,000 signatures had been burned up in the Seattle fire. The announcement was received with satisfaction by the Convention, which then went into a Committee of the Whole, and the judiciary articles were adopted practically as previously reported, with only a few minor amendments.

Section 3, which was added when the number of Supreme Judges was raised to five, provides that the Judges of the Supreme Court shall be elected by the qualified electors of the State at the general State election.

The first election shall be held upon the adoption of this Constitution, and the Judges to be elected will be classified by lot, so that two shall hold office for a term of three years, two for a term of five years and one for seven years. The Judge having the shortest term to serve, not holding his office by appointment or to fill a vacancy, shall be Chief Justice, and in case there shall be two Judges having in like manner the same short term, the other Judges shall determine which of them shall be Chief Justice.

In the case of the absence of the Chief Justice the Judge having the shortest or next to shortest term to serve should preside.

After the first election the term of the Judges elected shall be six years from and after the first Monday in January.

If a vacancy occurs the Governor shall appoint a person to hold office until the election and qualification of a Judge to fill such vacancy. The term of office of Judges of Supreme Court first elected shall commence as soon as the State shall have been admitted into the Union and continue for the term herein provided, or until their successors are elected and qualified. The sessions of the Supreme Court shall be held at the seat of government until otherwise provided by law.

The Convention will take up the preamble and bill of rights on Monday.

SANTA ROSA.

A New Industry, the Manufacture of Cream of Tartar—Military Camp.

SANTA ROSA, July 20th.—A. Tomassini has leased part of the woolen-mill lot in this city and began the construction of the necessary buildings for a cream of tartar factory. It is an entirely new industry in this part of the country. Cream of tartar will be manufactured from grape pomace, which will be furnished by the adjacent winery.

Two gamblers from San Francisco recently opened a faro bank here and prepared to fleece the grangers. They lost $3,000 and pulled up stakes yesterday, concluding this is not their lucky town. The bank was broken.

The First Infantry arrived at midnight and was received at the depot by the local militia with a band and escorted to camp.

Professor John Swett.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20th.—When John Swett was seen to-day on his farm in Alhambra valley, Contra Costa county, and interviewed the first time since he sent in his resignation, he said Director Stone sent for him, and told him: "A report has been made against you by Inspector Kennedy. If you do not resign we will have to declare your position vacant. There are seven and may be eight votes to carry the motion to declare the position vacant."

Suspicious Character.

CHICO, July 20th.—William Johns was arrested here this evening in one of the rooms of the Elliott House. A United States Secret Service badge and a private detective's badge were found upon him. He could give no satisfactory reason for being in the room. The officers claim he is a notorious crook and an ex-convict from San Quentin. He is believed to have at one time instituted suit against a San Francisco paper for $50,000 for libel.

Arizona Washouts.

TUCSON (Ariz.), July 20th.—Extensive washouts are reported west, between Pichacho and Casa Grande to-day. Train 20, the west bound passenger train, has been at Pichacho all day, and probably will remain there most of the night. Train 19, the east bound passenger, is held at Casa Grande awaiting repairs. A great portion of the track sixty miles west is badly honey-combed, and a little more rain will prove disastrous.

Trains Delayed in New Mexico.

ALBUQUERQUE (N. M.), July 20th.—The A. and P. passenger train for California, due to leave here at 2 P. M., is delayed on account of a freight wreck at Rio Puerco, twenty miles west of this city on the A. and P. road. The engine and six cars are off the track. A car of tea is held west of the wreck. No one was injured. The particulars cannot be obtained. It will be late to-night before the track will be cleared.

Fatal Accident.

SANTA ROSA, July 20th.—William P. Perry, of Sebastopol, was hauling lumber yesterday, when the load became unbalanced by the hind wheels dropping into a hole in the road. This threw him off, and in the fall his chest and abdomen struck the brake-beam, inflicting injuries from which he died this morning, soon after midnight.

Blythe's Will.

OAKLAND, July 20th.—W. H. H. Hart, one of the counsel in the Blythe estate case, is reported to have said to a friend that the Blythe will had been found in Los Angeles, and that he was going there to get it.

Crushed by a Tree.

EUREKA, July 20th.—Thomas Atkinson and Michael Coady, swampers, were killed at Bayside to-day by a tree falling upon them.

GLOVES OF HUMAN SKIN.

When the Truth is Known the Wearer is Likely to Feel Uncomfortable.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

"Gloves which are sold as kid are often made of human skin," said Dr. Mark L. Nardyz, the Greek physician, of No. 716 Pine street, yesterday. "The skin on the breast," continued the physician, "is soft and pliable and may be used in the making of gloves. When people buy gloves they never stop to question about the material of which they are made. The shopkeeper himself may be in ignorance, and the purchaser has no means of ascertaining whether the material is human skin or not. The fact is, the tanning of human skin is extensively carried on in France and Switzerland. The product is manufactured into gloves, and these are imported into this country. Thus you see a person may be wearing part of a distant relative's body and not know it."

Then the doctor drew from a drawer a brand-new pair of black gloves. "There," he said, "is a fine article made from the skin of a child. As the hide of a kid compares with that of a goat, so, of course, does the skin of a child compare with that of an adult, and it is much sought in France for glove purposes.

"The skin on a man's back makes good sole leather," said the doctor. "Nature has protected man's spine by a skin which is much heavier than that on other parts of the body. Here is a piece of well-tanned skin from the calf of a man's leg." And the doctor displayed a bit of white leather, strong and thick.

In the museum in Belgium are the bodies of six members one family. They were all buried in a tan yard, and when they were exhumed, years afterward, the skin, flesh, and even the bones were well preserved, so thoroughly tanned were all the parts. These specimens are in a better state of preservation than are the Egyptian mummies.

A few years ago General Ben. Butler effectually checked the tanning of human skin in Massachusetts, and since that time the business has ceased. The few samples of tanned human skin now obtainable were made by scientists as an experiment.

Dr. Nardyz formerly possessed a fine pair of slippers made of the skin of a member of the genus homo, but his wife did not like the idea of her husband literally wearing a dead man's shoes, so one day they vanished. The doctor does not say a word, but he thinks he knows who is responsible for their disappearance.

CAMPAIGN STORIES.

Some Very Good Ones Credited to Chauncey M. Depew.

Chauncey M. Depew tells the following story of another of the many interesting characters he encountered last fall while addressing his fellow-citizens on the vital issues of the campaign. It doesn't sound so much like a true story as some that are extant, but it is getting pretty late in the day to doubt his word.

One night after the meeting was over and while the hall was clearing, a weather-beaten man buttonholed me, and took me to one side and said:

"I'm Postmaster out here at Shingle Corners. Blaze away and elect your man if you want to."

"You don't care anything for the office, then?" I said.

"No, that aint it," he replied. "It don't pay but $14 a year, or mebby good years when I boom 'er a little, $15, but it's powerful handy to have in the house. No, my idee is that we can keep it in the fam'ly, anyhow."

"How's that?"

"The old woman, you see, she's a rip-snortin' Republican, powerful so, reg'ler uncompromisin'. If Cleveland gets it I stay; if Harrison slides in, the old woman comes to the front for her reward. Nobody else wants it, so there we be."

"Well, you're all right, then."

"You bet we are. If we git tired of it, or too old for it, or anything, ever, there's my boy, a red hot Republican, and my oldest gal, Democrat from way back. Oh, we're hustlers in our fam'ly when it comes to politics."

"But suppose the Mugwumps should develop power some day and carry things?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "we will soon be fixed for that, too. The baby is a Mugwump—I know it, 'cause he howls all the time. If you see anybody lookin' for p'ints on keepin' a good thing in the fam'ly, jess send 'em out to Shingle Corners."

"I had spoken the night before in the opera house at a little New York State town," says Mr. Depew, in relating another story of a man he met while speaking in the last campaign, "and was standing on the station platform the next morning with the local committee, waiting for the train, when a lean backwoodsman, with the lower portion of his trousers lost in the depths of his boot legs, came up to me and said:

"'I liked that air speech o' your'n last night.'

"'I'm glad you did,' I replied.

"'That was straight talk,' he went on, 'and it takes an all-fired smart man to roll it out that way.'

"I blushed becomingly, of course, at this and thanked him

"'I wished I could talk like that,' continued the man. 'I'd give my back twenty to be able to make such a speech as that.'

"'You never did anything at public speaking, then?' I said.

"'Me? not a thing—couldn't say "boo" in public I don't s'pose. There are things I can do, though. Give me an axe, a draw-shave and a log o' wood, and I can make as pretty an ox-yoke as there is in four counties! Yes, sir, that's all I want—axe, draw-shave and log and 'bout two days' time and there's your ox-yoke. That's what I can do. Now, I s'pose, give you them things and you couldn't do nothin' with 'em, less mebby it was to hop up on the log and make a speech to the axe and draw-shave 'bout the tax on iron. I'll be snaked if I don't believe I'm pretty well satisfied with my lot after all.'"

Mr. Depew was on the train one day last fall, after having spoken the night before to a large meeting at Albany, when a stranger approached him and said:

"Mr. Depew, did you mean all you said in your speech last night?"

"Yes, sir, every word of it," replied the orator.

"Then we're going to beat 'em, are we?"

"No doubt of it at all."

"Oh, I know there ain't when you're talkin' in public, but in private, are we, now? Do you know we're goin' to?"

"Yes, sir, I do. I feel as certain of our success as of anything in the world that hasn't actually taken place. I have inside information that makes me feel sure. The Democrats are as good as beaten now."

Mr. Depew paused a moment, and then, noticing that the man was looking ruefully at the floor, continued jocularly:

"Well, why don't you get enthusiastic?—isn't that good news?"

"Y-e-a-s," he answered sarcastically, "great news. The fact is I said 'we' to draw you out—I've voted the Democratic ticket for over thirty years. Oh, yes, that's good news for me—reg'lar thanksgiving news—and me Postmaster at Shellback Centre, and got $2 and a rat-terrier pup on Cleveland! Why don't I enthuse, hey?—if you was in my place do you think you would whoop much with a two-dollar bill, a Postoffice and the best rat-terrier pup in the State of New York slowly a-slipping out o' your grip? Would you prob'ly holler a great deal with all that makes life worth livin' a-fading gradually away? Would you celebrate when you thought of that Postoffice? Would you crack your heels together when you remembered them two dollars? Would you prob'ly sing when you contemplated that pup? Not much you wouldn't. You might stand the loss of the office and the bill, but when it came to a pup that would yank rats out of a hole inside o' three months you wouldn't keep up no better 'n me and you know it."

Marrying Toilets.

"You had better let me make it up for you. I know you'll catch a husband if you wear it right, and you can pay the $30 after you're married. I tell you what it is, clothes are the best investment a young woman ever put her money into."

That's what a Thirty-first street modiste had to say to a brown-haired young woman who wanted a new dress she could not afford, and this is what she said to the writer:

"I make dozens of marrying dresses. This girl here is not bad-looking, and if she were correctly dressed she would be positively handsome. You see, she carries herself nicely, and she has plenty of good points, but very little money. She is going off to a fashionable watering-place with some friends, and I know that if she lets me make up this custard moire as I wish, it will be the means of getting her a husband. The toilet is worth $110, and I have agreed to let her have it for $80. If she marries she can pay me the $30, and if it makes no impression on the men, why then I am the loser. This talk about men not caring what a woman has on is the worst kind of nonsense. They care a great deal and care so continually that they have neither eyes nor attention for their unfashionable friends."—*N. Y. World.*

Mountain Forests Prevent Floods.

A mountain forest has more functions than most people have considered. It covers the hills with a vast mat of network of living root fibers, and holds in place the ever accumulating mass of mold and decomposing vegetable matter, which absorbs and retains the water of the rainfall and the melting snows. Such a forest is a great sponge, which receives all the water that falls on the mountains and allows it to escape gradually so as to maintain the steady flow of the rivers which it feeds. A forest is thus a natural reservoir for the storage and distribution of water which falls upon it; and it is far more efficient, as well as far more economical, than any system of artificial storage reservoirs that can be substituted for it. If the forest is removed this mighty sponge is destroyed, and there is then nothing to perform its function of holding back the water, which will rush down in overwhelming floods and torrents. The first thing to be noted is that the water will thus all run away at once at a time when but little of it is wanted, and there will be little or none of it left for the season when it is most needed. The rivers which have been fed by the mountain springs will soon be dry a great part of the year.—*Century.*